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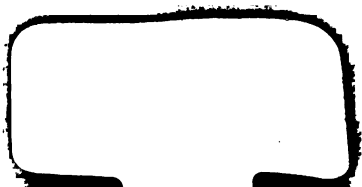
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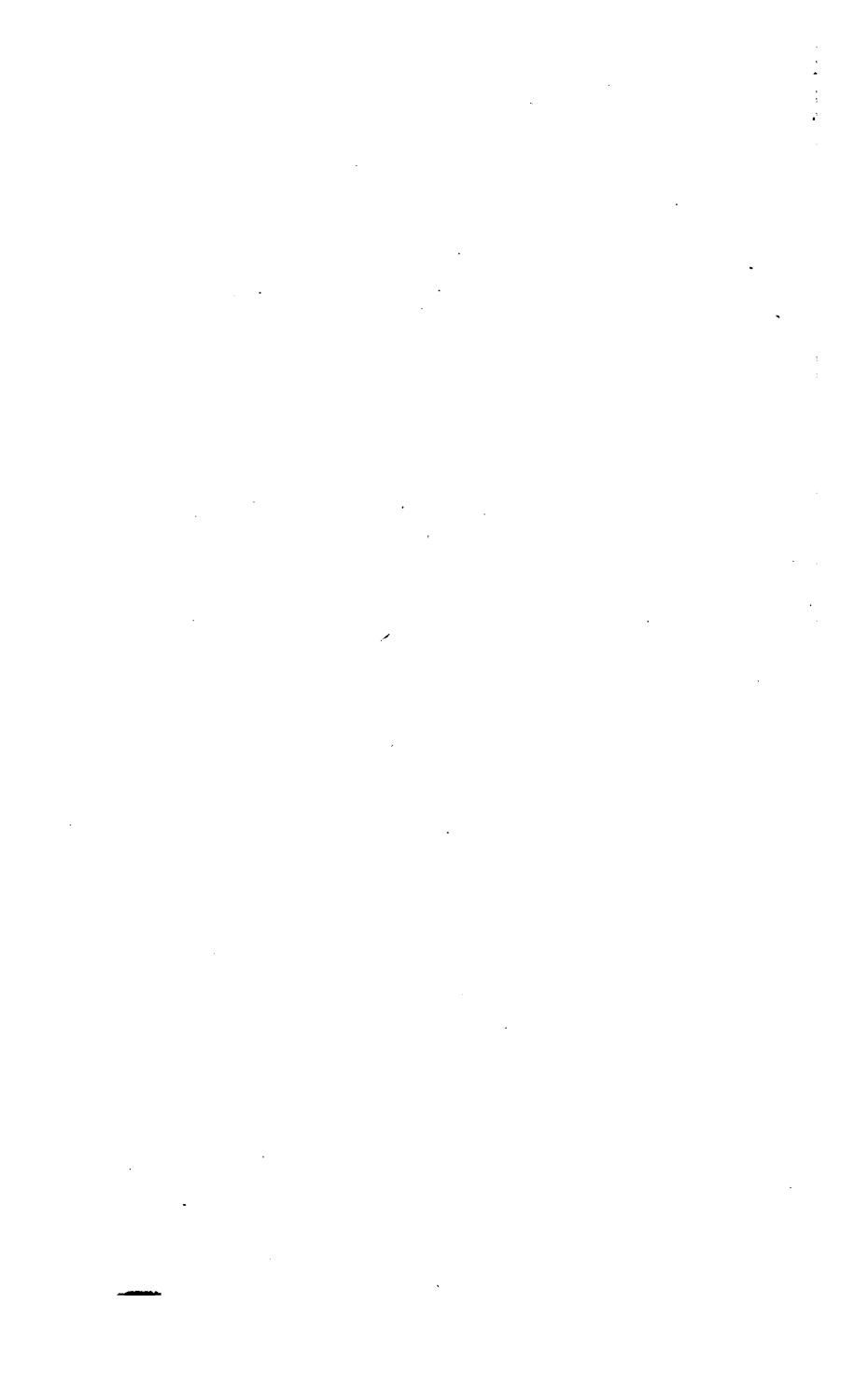
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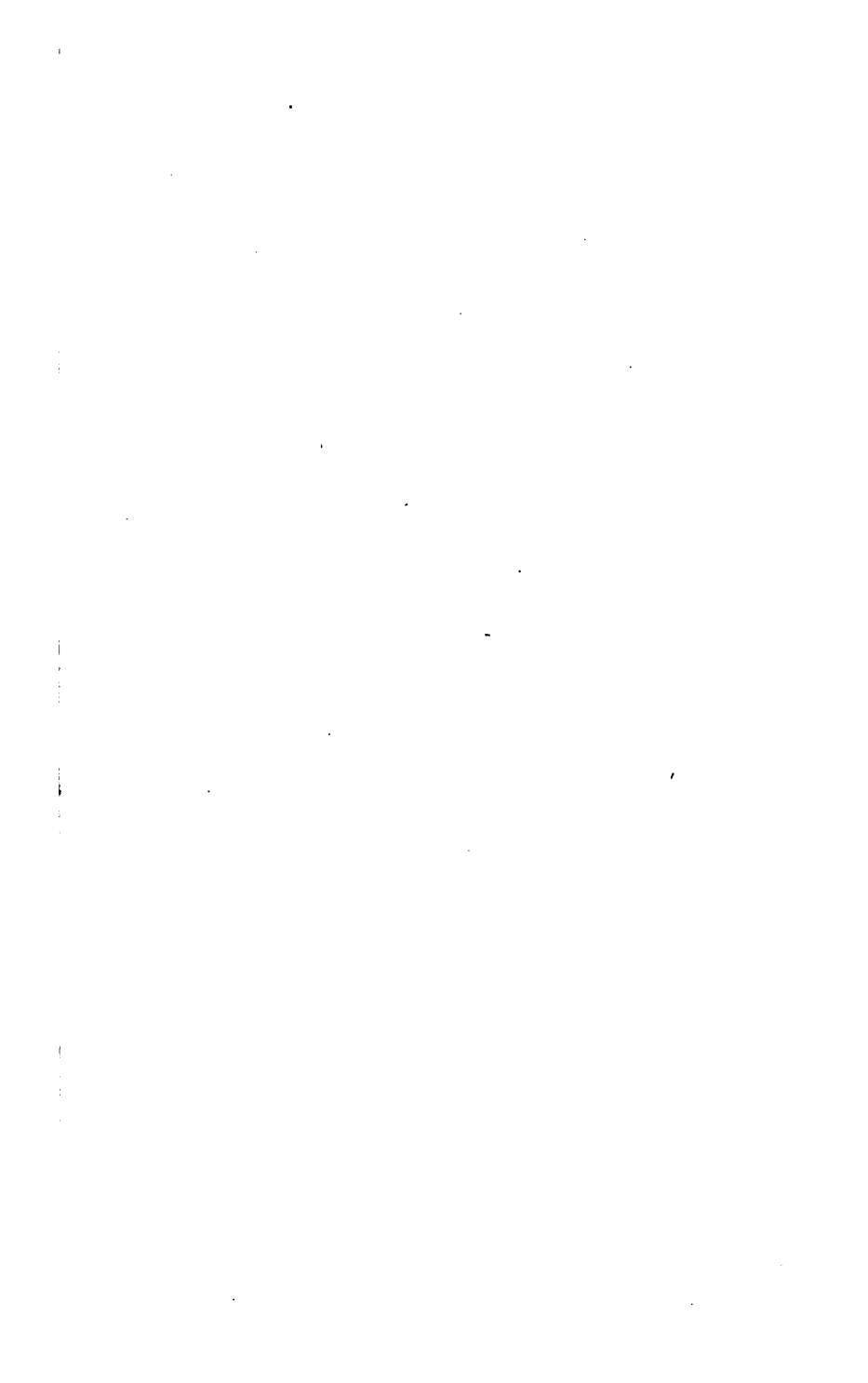


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A
Redding





PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

EMINENT MEN.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

EMINENT MEN.

BY

CYRUS REDDING,

AUTHOR OF "PAST CELEBRITIES," "FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS,
LITERARY AND PERSONAL," ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

EMINENT MEN.

LADY MORGAN.

It was many years ago, so many that I fear to attempt naming the period exactly, that I became ardent in my youthful desire to peruse some of the novels which made a noise at the time among the ladies of a family with which I was acquainted. Novels were then banned by the tutors of youth, perhaps not unwisely, when they draw off the mind from better literature, or tend to corrupt the heart, and reject works of utility for those of

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imagination. They could be of no use to such as had to obtain their living either by a trade or profession, so it was argued. They always died beggars when they gave themselves up to such fancies. They would absorb, too, the attention which should be devoted exclusively to business. We had to deal with realities in our progress through life. The Scriptures said man was born to labour, and a man could never die rich by building castles in the air. Everything in the way of reading should be repelled that had a tendency to draw off attention from the main end of existence, or in plain language, from attempting to make a fortune by that unwearied diligence that would require the whole man. These were some of the arguments intended to deter me from reading such books or giving rein to the imagination. What if I do not die rich, thought I, it can be no matter as long as I can live comfortably by a reasonable degree of toil. I was not clear of a master's pupilage. I had a great desire to read works of fiction, for of other descriptions of reading I considered I had had quite enough before me.



The prohibition whetted the edge of appetite, and the natural consequence was that I set myself to elude the observations of those around me, and to read in secret what I was not permitted to read openly. It may be worth while to reflect whether, in such a case, it was not better to have directed a youthful inquirer to works of harmless fiction rather than to prohibit them, especially as parental kindness had provided me with a new edition of "Robinson Crusoe" in two volumes, denominated the "new" from having been somewhat lengthened or changed in form. My imagination therefore could, and did, expatiate over Crusoe's solitary island until I half envied him. The end of suppressing the action of the youthful imagination was therefore defeated, if curiosity were not really strengthened by the denial. More than that, I had recourse to clandestine readings in the evening hour, and as I rose early, I filched an hour or two that way to devote to reading such books. I shows how ill judging are some teachers and parents, for I myself possessed besides "Crusoe," "Philip Quarl," "Peter Wilkins," "Pilgrim's Pro-

gress," and "The Siege of Mansoul," with another work or two, all which I read as stories. How should I comprehend Bunyan's allegories?

Thus I stole hours from slumber, and occasionally from play, to peruse works of fiction. I had not read Smollett nor Fielding, it is true, and it was well, from their coarseness and even profanity, I had not. This is the misfortune of copying vulgar life to the letter in writing tales, and on this account low life verbiage should be as little used as possible. The details of the two first-mentioned novelists are certainly not fit for youth, however true to nature. The same may be said of too many fictitious works recently in vogue; those copied from the French are still worse, as their tendencies, bad in phrase, must also tend to corrupt morals. The Minerva Press in Leadenhall Street was the great mint from whence issued the favourite novels of the hour, at the time to which I allude. It was not yet the age of realities with me, nor had I begun to sink into worldly-mindedness. The more generous spirit of youth still ruled; and what could better agree with such a

spirit than reading of lovers in peril, bandits, haunted houses, castles held by savage lords, and gentle damsels always in love troubles, the more perilous the more welcome. A second order of fiction too existed, much more sentimental, having nothing fiercer about it than a love crossed by lack of fortune on one side or the other, the most coincident of the two with the social character of the hour, and therefore the more multiplied.

Then, as now, there was a fashion in novels as well as in dress, changing at indeterminate periods, equally as capricious, and like those regulating dress, going out of vogue without a definite cause, to be succeeded perhaps by no very superior order or description of works. There was always a decency of language preserved. "The lewd earls and rake-hell baronets" of an earlier time, had either disappeared, or wore a garb of greater decency in their intercourse. The superlative of the existing gentility was always kept up, and a delicacy and sensibility exhibited with which the most frozen prude could not cavil.

I first met with the novels of Ann Radcliffe

and those of Charlotte Smith. The "Mysteries of Udolpho" and the "Old Manor House" delighted me. From that time I read all that came in my way. I soon got the "Novice of St Dominic" of Lady Morgan, published in 1805. Her "St Clair" was not published until 1811, but that "St Clair," I presume, was a second edition in two volumes. It was, I believe, her first work, as the sequel will explain. This accounts for its not being noticed until the second edition appeared. It was, I believe, "St Clair" to which, as will be seen, she alluded when she told me about her first essay at writing in Ireland; but if she told me the title of the work, I have forgotten it.

Though the school of novel writers continued to send out its works by shoals, the difference in style and aim was continual. For a time, at a much later period, a great number of them were utterly obscured, and for ever, by the appearance of Scott upon the scene, and the artful mode in which he contrived to excite public attention, so truly Scotch. Lady Morgan, however, continued to write as before, but she did not confine herself

to novel writing. A memoir, too, has been published of her life by the son of a Dublin bookseller, which I have never seen. My purpose here is to do no more than allude to what I remember regarding her personally. I found her a very popular writer and amiable woman, who had an additional claim to notice on the part of her country-folk, in that her father, a proprietor of theatres, was a near relation to Goldsmith, who had introduced him to Johnson and Garrick. I never could ascertain Lady Morgan's age. I tried several times to obtain from herself by stratagem that important female secret, but I could never put her off her guard. She must have published "St Clair" in 1803 or 1804, and she must be supposed of age at that time. Had she not been of age, and published so early, her appearance before the public would indicate precocious talent. It is true that her writings were not the result of study, but rather of a vivid fancy. In fact all her works were of the latter character, or else they were descriptive of passing scenes at home and objects abroad, that chanced to come before her. She had not read to any extent,

and she stated as much, and that she painted only what she saw. I had been at a party in town, of which she made one. I left at half-past eleven P.M. On calling on her the next day, she told me she did not leave until three. I rallied her on being out so late night after night, and she replied that she came to town so seldom, and remained so short a time, that she must needs supply herself with materials from fashionable life in London to work upon at home. She was not an adept in the circle of her own walk in literature. Thus she invented most of what she wrote, and coloured from life. She read, too, works easily accessible when she intended to write upon any particular topic, but upon that alone, and often hurriedly and without digestion of the materials; but, then, her style and her writings, as I have observed before, made no pretence to any thing profound. They were lively sketches, more especially those touching upon Irish manners; but they had the merit of being faithfully drawn, and not without humour. The public is capricious, and is always satisfied with extravagant or lively pencillings, no matter for the exact truth, while it is

exceedingly uncertain, and does not estimate merit according to its intrinsic worth. This may be seen by the fluctuations in authorship before alluded to, and by the fact, that a work highly applauded to-day is the neglected and slighted of to-morrow, in comparison with another very possibly much its inferior.

Never was that caprice seen more than in perusing the class of works which have overridden the time of our older novelists. The day of the Minerva Press has been named, when it was in the full tide of its labours, as the era when the later school of novel-writing, or rather of its publishing, appeared. By "later," I mean those who succeeded Smollett, Fielding, and Goldsmith, no long time afterwards. It is true I have not space to enter upon the differences here, it suffices that I trace my old friend, Lady Morgan, up to a very early period among the lady novelists. The late Sir Thomas Talfourd treated early of the female novelists of his time, and to his remarks I might advert, but I am doubtful of his having had a personal acquaintance with her, for she was not of

the circle to which he was attached, and I do not recollect her name coming upon the carpet in any conversation with him regarding the novelists of the day, during our intercourse. Sir Thomas drew her character as a writer. Sir Charles Morgan had contributed a paper on the morality of newspapers, towards the close of the first year of the *New Monthly*, after I was connected with it. I imagine I was indebted to an old friend, Pat Murphy, who was afterwards a judge in an Irish court, for an introduction to Sir Charles, and by him to Lady Morgan. It was possibly Colburn himself might have introduced me. The bibliopolist then lived in Conduit Street, and gave dinners, at one of which I was introduced to Felix Bodin and Sir Charles. I had never met Bodin in Paris.

Lady Morgan did not make her appearance in the *New Monthly* for the first year. Of this I am tolerably certain; still, I have a personal recollection of her in that year or early in the next. She published her "Novice of St Dominic" in 1805, or rather it was published for her. Her statement

to me one morning in St James's Place was, that she being then Miss Owenson, and staying with a family in Dublin, I am not certain whether she did not say as a governess, she was one day reading a novel, and when she had perused it, she thought, "Well, I think I could write as good a novel as that—I'll try." I cannot remember the title, for in the middle of the conversation the Duchess of Northumberland's card was brought up, and the conversation broken. When she resumed it, she said she got to work at once, and completed her task rapidly. She kept her labours a secret. When the manuscript was ready, in order to secure her incognito, she borrowed some of the dress of a waiting-maid in the house to disguise herself, and set out to find a bookseller who would publish it. She might have named the bibliopolist at the time, but that I cannot remember. The family in whose house she happened to be, left Dublin for a distant part of the country. What was her surprise, some time afterwards, to find her novel printed, and in a circulating library. When at length she returned to Dublin, she called upon

the broker in the brains of authors, but only succeeded in getting a dozen copies out of his hands for her pains. This novel, I believe, as before mentioned, was "St Clair," printed in a second edition, in two volumes, in 1811. I remember she told me, that upon handing the MS. to the bookseller he balanced it on the palm of his hand, as if he would determine the merit of the work by the weight of the paper.

Her "Novice of St Dominic," published in 1805, I read in that, or early in the following year—I know it was before the time I saw Pitt laid in his last resting-place. Her "Wild Irish Girl" delighted me. From that period she continued her career of publication with success. A fertile invention, and a lively imagination, with a habit of catching the salient points in what she heard or saw, and of depicting them in a vivacious manner, were the secrets of her success. Nor was she without some touch of the romantic in her disposition, but her movements in the world of fashion obliterated much of that feeling, as nothing can be more opposed to it. She confessed that she still had a tendency

to cherish the ideal, from which everyday things continually drew her away. Some of her writings are of the class that may be taken up and laid down again at intervals without losing the connexion of the incidents, which is but slight. The leaving off and the resumption of reading a work will be detrimental where there is an intimate chain of connexion between all the parts. "Now," as a lady once said to me, "one can take up some works and lay them down again while waiting for the carriage, and not forget one's place when we return to them again." Novels to be thus taken up for the fraction of an hour must have short chapters, and not be of the sensation order. Lady Morgan's answered tolerably well for either purpose. The old Leadenhall Street class of novels rarely admitted of this convenience. A ferocious bandit with uplifted sword, or a ghost in the midst of a mysterious revelation, could not be put aside. They must play out their parts. Indeed, some novels could not be laid down conveniently at all, and others were placed on the pillow to be read through in bed of a morning or in a noontide dishabille.

It was remarkable that in the day when the class of novels of which I have been speaking appeared, they were not alone in character. Various "orders," if I may so style them, appeared at the same time, and all were eagerly perused. Since then they have appeared in the way of the fashions—one species follows another, and disappears to make way for a new description. Hannah More's "solemn" stories, which, in such a situation as to company with others that were much the opposite way in freedom of details and light language, made one think of a Quakeress, in the costume of her sect, in the rooms at Bath, dancing a minuet with the fair pupils of Beau Nash, among the extremes of the fashionable costume of the hour. Peter Pindar called her "Parson" Hannah More. We had too, on the other side, the novels of Mary Robinson. Miss Edgeworth might be said to have held a middle station in the class of writing to which I am alluding. Then what a catalogue might thus be made of those different "orders," if they may be so styled, before Scott appeared upon the scene!—and he is now gone out of fashion because

he is above the present taste. Lady Morgan, however, began early, and continued her publications through a longer series of years, and with as much of welcome, as any of her female contemporaries. There was a great liveliness of temperament about her, characterising her country ; but when I last saw her in King William Street, five or six weeks before her decease, she appeared exceedingly feeble in body and oppressed in mind. She conversed as if she felt under a great depression of spirits, but when she got into conversation for a little time, she retained somewhat of her old cheerfulness of manner. Novels have been written and published "to order," as a tailor would say of his goods. Nothing could be more convenient. Yet, in designating the changes in this kind of literature from the glory of the Leadenhall Street fictions to those of the "misses in and out of their teens" who now flourish in the market, the classification of the species and their peculiar uses have been omitted, when, in fact, both are more varied than ever they were before.

To resume. The novels of Lady Morgan met both these demands, and Miss Owenson before,

as well as Lady Morgan after her marriage, became a favourite with readers in general, and not the less because, in her earlier works particularly, she was original. This might have been seen in her "Wild Irish Girl," though the "Novice of St Dominic" introduced her as a writer more immediately into the circles of fashion. Some of her characters, essentially Irish, were sketched with a masterly hand, but in her inexperience she made her characters too imaginative. This, however, was amended by time, and few female writers of England became more popular in their day.

I have said that I first met her in society about the year 1821. She wrote for the *New Monthly Magazine* occasionally, seldom more than an article in a year. They were lively and piquant, but it was easy to see that the necessity for condensation and a continued variety of topic were obstacles in her path. She remained an occasional contributor until nearly all those who had written in the magazine from its commencement quitted it in 1830.

It was about that time, too, on visiting a friend

of very long standing in Picardy, that I ran on to Paris for a day or two, and found Sir Charles and Lady Morgan at a hotel in the Rue Rivoli, just condoling with some French friends for the loss of the venerable old Denon, whom, though he had expired the year before, they had not seen until then after that event. Denon had always shown a great friendship for Lady Morgan. I returned to Amiens, and left Lady Morgan and her spouse going off on a visit into the country to the Marquis Lafayette.

As her attachment to Ireland was strong, knowing the faults as well as the virtues of her countrymen, she took her stand upon the liberal side at home, and it was the same abroad. Her conduct in this respect made her a butt of the ultra-Tory *Quarterly Review*; Gifford, the ostensible editor, attacked her with that vulgarity of character and coarse virulence which was natural to him, both from birth and the society of those men of the class with whom he kept up a clandestine intercourse, and to whom he owed a good part of his pecuniary accumulations, a thing he artfully concealed during his life. Lady Morgan accused Croker of being her

secret foe ; but it was a mistake. Croker, forward and presuming as he was in most things, was innocent here. I had this fact from a source which could not be disputed. I had it from Murray's. The attack was vain ; it did not affect her popularity. In "Florence Macarthy" she attacked Croker as Crawley, and he never forgave her. The portrait was good, though the charge was erroneous. I convinced her she was wrong, but it was not until after the retort "not courteous" was given to the world. I could not state the fact until I was certain of its truth, which was not the case until confirmed by direct evidence.

Croker, however, determined to be avenged, if guilty of being innocent of the attack, on Lady Morgan. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland had the right, never till then questioned, of knighting individuals as the sovereign's representative. Sir Arthur Clark had married Lady Morgan's sister. A second knight had been made in the person of a gallant captain in the navy. This captain did not, as was the case with the navy generally, hold Croker in any degree of respect, commensurate with his

hauteur to the cloth, of which officers complained. Croker had nothing to fear for himself. He was too clever a hand to lose where clever hands were so scanty as with his party in the Government. It happened that a relation of Secretary Croker arrived at Holyhead, on his way to Ireland. Seeing a vessel of the Royal Navy there, and finding it was going across to Dublin, without more ado he took a boat with his baggage alongside. The captain happened to be ashore. The stranger was challenged. He replied he was a relative of Mr Croker's, from the Admiralty, and wanted a passage across. At the demand the lieutenant admitted the stranger, startled at the name of the formidable official. By and by the captain came on board. He asked the interloper for his order, if he did come from the Secretary of the Admiralty. He had none to give. "I do not know that you are Mr Croker's relative, and if you were I would not give you passage without an order. You must go on shore. A boat, there," said the captain to the officer of the watch. The boat was quickly ready, and the interloper, handed out, was left to wait for

the first packet. It was about that time the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland had knighted the captain, and Sir Arthur Clarke, who, as said before, had married the sister of Lady Morgan, who died before her. In manner, person, and conversation she was agreeable and accomplished. Was such an excellent opportunity to be thrown away? The law officers were soon set at work to examine into the right of the Lord-Lieutenant to confer the honour of knighthood upon anybody after the Union. If the lawyers were successful, Croker trusted to kill two birds with one stone. Such an inquiry with the law's delay has not, I believe, to this period been concluded. This bespoke the man of the *cere perennius*,* who spared no opponent in the time of his health and success. There was an

* It has transpired that while Croker had the credit of contributing some clever articles to the *Quarterly Review*, he often disguised what he obtained from French writers, almost literally, in a mode not very complimentary to his honesty. His mind showed itself in his remonstrance to Lord John Russell for observations which a high-minded man would never have noticed in so whining a manner, just before his death. Why should Lord John spare him, who never spared any political opponent, much less a distinguished Whig, so inveterate was he as an opponent?

innate meanness both about Gifford and Croker, that marked no other recognised contributors to the *Quarterly Review*, which work, on points not political, was thought a high authority, particularly in classical literature.

In respect to Lady Morgan's novels, generally speaking, I should prefer giving any opinion rather than my own, which might be deemed partial. I know of no one better able to characterise the novelist than Talfourd. Sir Thomas long ago designated Lady Morgan's novels—I give his own words—"as affording a view of Irish nature as seen by female eyes. Their style, manner, sentiment, and passion are characteristic of the land of her birth and her affection. There is in her works all the boldness of outline, with all the delicacy of touch—the quickness of perception of both truth and beauty, with the occasional adoption of their contraries—the proud carelessness of some portion of a work, and the exquisite finishing of others—which may be so frequently observed in the best productions of Irish genius. She differs from Miss Edgeworth, as she has more heart and less judgment; deeper

glimpses into the soul, and less consistent views of superficial character; more passion and less prudence; higher power to abstract us from the world, with less of practical wisdom to direct us in it. Her 'O'Donnel' and 'Florence Macarthy' are the best works which she has yet produced; and, as these are among her later, we may reasonably hope for more perfect specimens of her genius. There is a wild grandeur about the first of these, especially in its earlier scenes, which are laid among the magnificent varieties of the northern shore of Ireland, which makes an awful and an indelible impression on the reader. The latter is more rich on the observation of manners and of character; but disfigured by personal allusions, and by caricatures of those from whom the author conceives she has received insult and injury. We do not deny that she had ample cause of complaint in the gross and unmanly attack on her feelings and her fame by the *Quarterly Reviewers*. But she might have chosen some other mode of taking vengeance on her Gothic foes than that of turning a romance for their sakes into a kind of intellectual pillory.

The spell of a most enchanting fiction is broken for ever by the introduction of vindictive satires on real or imaginary offenders. Her 'France,' which called forth the criticisms to which she was thus unfortunately tempted to reply, is, with all its blemishes, a very lively picture of a very lively people."

The excuse for her very venial fault is to be found in the difficulty of answering a writer who, under the anonymous, strikes, as it were, in the dark, with the full command of weapons and a view of the individual he tries to assassinate, while the victim, powerless under such circumstances, is often tempted to take the first instrument that comes to hand for repelling the ruffianism. There was a cowardice in the *Quarterly*, and a certain style in this more noted attack of Lady Morgan, which had struck me it came not from Croker, but from Gifford, to whom it was more natural. An accident revealed the truth some time afterwards, and I communicated it to Sir Charles, one day when dining with him, over the after-dinner wine. The mode I got the information was unexpected and singular.

When Lady Morgan began her novel-writing, it was one of those lucky accidents which happen sometimes at an outset in life. Haunted houses and spirits, old castles and robbers through trap-doors, daggers and prison-bolts were going out of fashion ; and she selected, without any consideration of that kind, the romantic scenery and unknown incidents characteristic of Irish life. It was almost a new field. Her affections were eminently those of her country ; and in her "Wild Irish Girl"—if I mistake not, her third publication, in 1806 or the following year—she touched a chord which could not but arouse the affections of her countrymen, of which the appliances and story were new to the people of England. She had early in life been accustomed from her father's profession to the wild and melancholy notes of her country's music, and she was not of a nature to resist their effect. Several of the native airs she published in London with English words. They suggested to an old friend, Moore, the idea which he afterwards carried out. She had long been on intimate terms with him from a very early period

of his career. The last time I ever saw *Moëre*—before he preceded Lady Morgan to the grave—so as to converse with him, was at an evening party, given by a mutual friend in the New Road, when, the weather being very warm, and the crowd great, we sat for a considerable time on the stairs, opposite the drawing-room. I never met him but once afterwards, when, in an open car, he passed beneath a window in Bath where I was seated.

Lady Morgan's love of her country was indisputable, and she became the mark of the slander and turbulent faction that has made Ireland what it is, and which the Whigs have not had the moral courage, nor the Tories the desire, to reduce to their proper position, and secure the peace of the country. The newspapers of the Orangemen slandered her, while yet a mere girl, for the truth regarding themselves which she noted. That was deemed a just ground for uttering any falsehood against her.

But her better works having been long before the world, had been received, at least the larger part of them, with the public approbation. The first incident I recollect regarding her publicly, was

about the time of the re-issue of her "Italy." I refer here to attacks made upon her writings. This work was of course damned by Gifford, for the sin of her opposition politics and the love of her country. Of patriotism, the jockey reviewer* had not a spark. The most unjustifiable abuse, which her entertaining book no way merited, was poured upon it. There was, it is true, her mention in terms of praise of some of the more enlightened nobles of Milan, who dared to improve where they could, and had the audacity, in the face of the Holy Alliance, to introduce Lancastrian schools and gas into Milan. For which, and similar atrocities, my old friend, Count Porro, was obliged to leave his country, while the unfortunate tutor of his son (a son unoffending, peacefully walking, was butchered in the street by an Austrian soldier) was sent to the dungeons of Spielberg, which the Emperor Francis himself "personally superintended." Poor Silvio Pellico has made

* It was remarkable how sneakingly close Gifford kept his turf transactions, which he no doubt entered upon after his schooling at Lord Grosvenor's, where he had plenty of "female" society.

known his gaoler's treatment of him to the world. Porro happened to be at a distant chateau of his own on the Lake of Como. His family were luckily in time to despatch a messenger to him, and he crossed the lake at once in a boat into neutral territory, and from thence escaped to England. Even the notorious Prince Metternich was so convinced of the shameful tyranny of the act, that he got him restored from exile, and to his large estates, on the death of the Austrian despot.

Here it was again that my poor friend Lady Morgan, with the warm blood of her countrymen, could not refrain from noticing it. Colburn gave me one day unexpectedly her letter to the reviewers of her very amusing work on "Italy." Whoever replies to an anonymous reviewer, the chance being that the reviewer is as likely to tell a falsehood as to speak truth, (I refer to political reviewers,) does a very silly thing. It is ten chances to one but that he thus reloads the assassin's pistol, that will be discharged once more against himself. Reviewers by trade are generally persons who are unable to figure as authors. At this hour we have some

such upon the town, who will review works in foreign tongues which they cannot read, and pay others for what they cannot do themselves, taking up the reviewing itself because they have a page of original matter in their heads, good or bad. It was the more imprudent in Lady Morgan, because the crime of which she had been guilty was not a literary offence. She wore no orange in her dress. She had a sincere love for her native land ; and could a crooked-minded critic pardon such an offence ? Again, in replying, there are many things a cowardly unprincipled anonymous writer may say to annoy a female which she cannot notice. It was idle to reply to political writers, all of one colour, wholly reckless of truth. Even in open controversy many of them could not act with the decency they never acquired, especially where truth and falsehood are considered weapons equally lawful. I am not certain whether the public cares one straw about the justice or injustice of an attack if it will supply it with amusement, nor does it matter if the work attacked be next to the Bible itself in truth, and of the first order in merit.

It was natural Lady Morgan should not think with me upon a point where she was so much interested. It was amusing to be consulted as I was by Colburn. "What do you think? Has not Lady Morgan answered the *Quarterly* well? I hope the attack upon her work won't hurt the sale; what do you think?" How it painted the Lintot of the hour!

"It will make it more talked about, Mr Colburn; it will be as good as a column of advertisements for you!"

Then the bibliopolist would look as if there might be something worth while in my opinion as I wished him a good morning.

It would hardly now be possible in a day when the virulence of party spirit has been so happily softened, for the baneful feeling of personal hatred in man or woman, on the score of a difference in a religious or political colour, to exist in such a degree. Even the Dennises of the hour now show better manners. It was a merit in Lady Morgan to have drawn down upon herself, as well as the rage of the *Quarterly Review*, that of the Austrian ruler

Francis. He ordered that the *New Monthly Magazine*, because of Lady Morgan's works, should be excluded from the limits of his arbitrary authority. This proceeding doubled the sale of her book, although the Pandours and Croats were forbidden to read her volumes. People charged this as the act of Prince Metternich, who, knave as he might be, was not such a fool as his master to waste his spleen in that way.

The papers that Lady Morgan supplied to the *New Monthly* were not numerous, and generally had her name affixed. I remember "An Account of old Dublin," including legends of "Tara" and "Emania;" for the Irish annals go back to the flood of Noah. She sent a paper upon old Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill, and some account of the different Irish Lord-Lieutenants, and an article called "Ireland as it Was." Her name, she requested, might be affixed to most of her articles. Hence it was, as above, that the Emperor forbade the *New Monthly Magazine* to enter the territories over which he had authority, excluding Lady Morgan by name, with one or two other ladies, while

the only Englishman who had to boast of the same honour was Lord Holland. The despot could not bear the relative of Charles Fox within his unenviable domination. This exclusion caused a great demand on the Continent for all her works, which would never else have arisen, and her publisher profited by it. Her works of the more recent date were at once translated into French. What is become of Austrian and Holy Alliance power now? All the treasure and slaughter expended to establish in Europe the worst despotisms that ever ruled. Where are those fruits now that were dreamed secured for ever at Waterloo?

In her work on "Italy" she had thoughtlessly printed the purport of conversations she held with one or two distinguished persons. This was certainly an indiscretion, for though the conversations were innocent enough in reality, yet, as Voltaire observed, "Tyrants never sleep;" and the persons to whom allusion was thus made were placed by the Austrian tyrant under police surveillance. The Emperor, too, ordered that no Austrian subject should print his own works, either in Austria or

abroad, without the permission of the imperial censor! Engravings, maps, music, and geographical works were to be included. That Lady Morgan should be worth an imperial decree of this nature, did her far more good than the *Quarterly* could do her an injury. Thus the imperial gaoler of Spielberg excluded other publications by an additional decree, in order to keep out knowledge from the country, and sustain the aristocracy of the worst informed nobility and people in Europe. The effect of such a career of legislation, time proved. The imperial keeper of the Spielberg dungeons became an advertiser. I told Colburn I thought he was highly honoured. The bibliopolist well knew how to put a profit upon similar contingencies.

Lady Morgan once mimicked Colburn exactly, and expressed her opinion to me that he would die in harness, as he did. She wrote me that he "is the most ambitious of God's booksellers, but more likely to be the Robespierre than the Napoleon of his trade, for he murders good authors by puffing the bad." She insisted to the last on the verification of her prediction, and called herself his Cas-

sandra. Many years elapsed after she quitted him, as did all his connexions of previous note, and not a great while before his own death he sent a message hoping she would forget the past. After many years they met again, and it was not long before a dispute arose, which, had he lived, would have produced a Chancery suit. It was not long either before she herself followed her old publisher to the grave.

During ten years, from 1820 to 1830, before she came to reside in London, she paid occasional visits to the capital, as she told me, to gather up ideas.

In that decade of years there existed, and for a few years afterwards, a circle of ladies in London that some denominated literary, but only two or three had a fair claim to the title. All, however, if not active, were passive members of an imaginary body of the sex, including writers, talkers, critics, and wits, who made literature a main topic of conversation. Some of them were what would be called silent sharers in the coteries, as far as literary topics were concerned. Others were really clever

and agreeable, while all were equally eager to hear the latest literary intelligence. One night at Lady Cork's, in New Burlington Street, a party, not exactly of blues, the noted colour being hardly intense enough, determined to have little Colburn among them to catechise him about the latest literary news. I suspect Lady Morgan was at the bottom of the mischief. Lady Cork lived but a few doors off, and in due time Colburn was ushered in among a party almost all of the fair sex, many of whom were of the order of deep blues, and they almost questioned the little biblioplist to death. I see his bows, I hear his confused answers. Lady Morgan took off the little man exactly, and all who knew him and his peculiarities were certain to find them copied or very little caricatured. They drew from him all the intelligence they could obtain about forthcoming works, anonymous authorships, and who of the supposed were the real authors of certain literary undertakings—the biblioplist wishing them all at Jericho under their catechising.

There was really something pleasant at those

times, and there were lady characters who, not able to attempt authorship, were fond of the society of those who practised the ungentle craft. Then there were some who were a little eccentric, others ruled by curiosity, and several who came to collect materials for conversation in circles where they led in place of listened. There were also fashionables who, in place of cards, preferred picking up literary and personal intelligence from curiosity.

Lady Morgan once or twice brought over her nieces, sweet and accomplished girls, who came to see London. Lady Cork used to press the young ladies into her service to write billets for her, and detain them indoors in place of going abroad to see the lions, the short time they had to remain in town.

Of the ladies noted at that time for literary tastes, or the assumption of them, or a fondness for such society, was Lady Caroline Lamb, who was a lion for her eccentricities. Lady Charleville used to mingle in the same circles. Lady Charlotte Bury was a star of court glories. There was poor, good-natured Miss Benger, and I know not how

many others, who have nearly all gone to the land of shadows. This kind of company was amusing, and being well bred, with the tone of good society, was pleasant now and then. It was singular how great a desire was shown, and I believe a regard really felt, for literature of the better order at that time. Tom Moore led the muses in company, and there were several young men of great promise at that period on the town. Campbell was rarely to be caught, Luttrell used to make a noise, poor Præd was cut off by death. One and one dropped through the hole in the bridge over the waters of oblivion, which Addison described so well, yet so figuratively. The ladies who figured in the period I allude to disappeared. Death made his usual havoc; and having quitted London for six or seven years, I found on my return a great change in society. It is astonishing in how short a period even a capital like London will thus change. What, then, must a long term do in this way!

I had been absent from town several years. How many vacant places I discovered; how many were missing I was destined never more to greet!

Sir Charles Morgan was laid in the narrow house. I called a second time on Lady Morgan after my return, and found her much altered. I had called and missed seeing her, but she wrote me, and I was surprised to see the change in her penmanship. In her last note but one she said: "I am in very delicate health. My sight is become weak. I still inhabit the old house where I have been for now nearly twenty years.

"I thank you for what you have said about my blessed husband, and the justice you have done his merits. For myself, I am overwhelmed with your partial nature. I must tell you that I am still very unwell, and confined by a severe cold. In the hope that I may be better on Monday next, the 18th, if you feel inclined do come and pay me a visit at two o'clock, and lunch on some soup and cutlet; at that hour I shall be glad to see you."

I went accordingly, and found her much altered, and decidedly weaker than I expected. I took leave, and saw her no more. Lady Morley had just quitted her. I had known the countess at Saltram, forty years before. I regretted missing

seeing her once more, and both were laid where the "weary rest," and "the wicked cease from troubling," before I had sought another interview.

For between thirty and forty years I had known both Lady Morgan and her husband. I had marked the invidious bearing of political profligacy, in many cases too rife, on all sides, but here towards one of the best natures and cleverest women I ever knew. She had, as a writer, no pretensions to profundity of thought, nor to the learned lore, which many females may have acquired ; but she knew how to interest all classes of readers, and how to paint in a lively way what she saw. In short, she read the book of the world. She was in temper kind and charitable. She was peculiarly Irish in her works, her manner, and mode of expression in society. That those who knew her not, and her political enemies should have traduced her for her honest speaking, and that the Orange party in Ireland should have persecuted her with their hatred, was to be expected. Their day is now drawing rapidly to a close, and the sooner the waters of oblivion overwhelm them, the better for Ireland and for hu-

manity. It cannot indeed be denied that the spirit of party is much amended.

Thus it is, that whether known or obscure, mankind continues to pass off the stage of existence, and well-known or obscure, to teach the lesson of all time to survivors,—life still, after all, the great puzzle. Poor Lady Morgan could not reconcile it with any known theory. She feared that the Supreme Being, arguing from the prosperity of the vicious, and the misfortunes of the worthy in this life, was a Being of severity even to vengeance. She was puzzled, as all are, about the origin of evil. She could not see that only a part of the designs of the Deity might yet be developed to mankind; that a part might still remain to be made clear. At times she stated that to her mind the subject became more and more difficult of solution. She granted that the distinction of the superiority of virtue seemed to mark that there were secrets in the matter as yet concealed from our humanity.

She had about her all the natural kindness of her country people. She once by great personal exertion saved the life of a criminal. If it was a work of

mercy or charity I never knew any one who went about it with more good will, or more perseveringly. In the sanguinary reign of George III., in law as well as war, death was the penalty for almost every offence. A letter-carrier of good character, in distress, with a large family, was condemned to die for opening a letter containing a very small sum of money, for, under George III., America and Europe were not the exclusive arena for wasting human life. Law aided the battle-field. She appealed to the lawyers in vain on the case. She then tried the judge, who took much of her view of the matter. He hinted that if she got from the foreman of the jury a recommendation of that jury to the Crown for mercy, as the evidence had been merely circumstantial, he would sign the application—he could do no more. Unflaggingly she exerted herself wherever there was a hope of aid. She also memorialised the Duke of Richmond, the Lord-Lieutenant, and finally succeeded in getting the poor man transported to New South Wales, where he lived the rest of his days with his family in comfort, and

with respect. She had seen at once the true nature of the case.

She survived to see most of her personal enemies—for personal as well as political they were—need a charitable judgment towards them. I am convinced she was ready to forgive them, for I am certain if questioned she would at least say, with Horne Tooke, very differently from some of her later maligners' that mere "personal enmity was a motive fit only for the devil."

DUNN HUNTER.

I HAD returned from paying a visit to a friend who lived in the Chateau la Vallée, at Amiens, near the Jesuits' College. I had not been long at home when my friend, who had a considerable grant of land in America, pressed by urgent business, came to London, and took lodgings for a short time in May Fair. One day I received a note from him inviting me to dine with him, if I wished to be introduced to a very singular personage. I accepted the invitation, and was introduced during a short time spent in the drawing-room before dinner was

announced. That individual was the celebrated John Dunn Hunter. He was a strongly built, well-looking man, about the middle size, and of a grave carriage. He was of American parentage, according to his own statement; indeed, his manner bespoke it. He was born in a village near the frontiers of one of the states, which happened to be attacked by Indians, and all the whites were murdered except himself, who was taken by an Indian woman. She bred him up with her tribe, and he loved his adopted mother, he said, as much as ever he could have loved her who brought him into the world, speaking of her in the most affectionate terms.

There was in his carriage that peculiar, almost gentlemanly, and in general taciturn manner, which is so marked in the bearing of the better American-Indian chiefs. He told me that he had no recollection of any one of the sex before he saw the mother who adopted him, and that no mother could have loved him better. He had been in Paris, and was there well received, as indeed he was by a circle of friends in London. He told me he would not

exchange an Indian life for the most luxurious in Europe; that such a life was very far preferable, and was a scene of perfect enjoyment in the bosom of freedom and nature. There was but one drawback—it was a fearful one—and that was the insecurity from the attack of a hostile tribe, which obliged continued and unwearying watchfulness to be kept up. He also said that among other enjoyments in the bosom of nature was the early morning when awoke from sleep, the sun rising, and all nature infusing fresh vigour into the animal frame: it was a sort of intoxication. I observed that there might be danger in the night from animals and snakes. He said no; they feared only their enemies stealing upon them. As to rattlesnakes, they never killed them, because they never bite but when provoked. He informed me that on awaking one morning he found a large rattlesnake coiled up against his body for the warmth he imparted. He remarked, “We never kill them.”

“But you might have moved in your sleep unconsciously?”

“I only know that I was awake and found the

snake lodged against me, so I rolled myself away from my quiet but unwelcome friend."

I observed to him that no civilised man, it had been long known, who had gone from civilised to a wild life in the woods could ever be got to return to civilisation again. It seemed as if the change was a return to the condition from which the civilised man had been drawn away, in fact as if it were his own original and right state. He said the enjoyment was really very great.

There is a certain period in life, as I have myself been aware, in which a peculiar species of exhilaration is felt amid the open country, more particularly when left alone with nature. I myself experienced it about thirty years of age. Once, I remember, at Malvern, I imagined I was levigated, and could fly off into the air. The effect of the fresh breeze was like an intoxication, or, more correctly, exhilaration, under the effect of a draft of liquor impregnated with carbonic gas. Now in conversation with Hunter I found that kind of exhilaration was similar to what he felt at awaking, and moving about in the freshness of the morning. He told

me that the misery of the life he had led among the Indians was the anxiety lest they should all be surprised. Food in the part of America where the tribes lived, to which he and his adopted mother belonged, was plenty, for they were residents in tolerably good hunting-ground.

Hunter was accused of being an impostor. If any one born in the United States becomes a distinguished individual, from connexions little known there, he is often the mark for slander. My friend who had introduced him to me had bade me remark particular motions he made, and more especially one of the hand towards the ear at times, of which he said Hunter was most likely unconscious. He had seen no white but Hunter having it. In the Floridas, among the tribes there, he was struck with the same movements, which were unobserved among those not situated as Hunter, save the natives. All Indians were given to the same attitudes and movements. Hunter, too, was as unconscious of being regarded, or judged by those points as he was in any others, that were noted for the purpose of discovering whether he was an adventurer or not.

Such proofs, contrary to the stories set afloat to his disadvantage, were all in his favour.

He returned to America full of a project to turn the attention of the Indians to the cultivation of the ground, and to settlements, as less precarious, and easier than an existence by hunting. He spoke to me of this with considerable zeal, full of the advantages that would accrue from it to his Indian connexions. He expressed his determination to exert every effort he could make for the purpose. He greatly desired, on account of many noble qualities nature had conferred upon those wild people, to see them more comfortable, less liable to be decimated by wars with other tribes, and preserved from extinction. He was a very quiet man, apparently self-possessed. His manners were perfectly simple, and his temper said to be amiable; his garb plain, with not a shadow of ostentation, intelligent as to all that he noted. I do not credit a word of the slanders spoken against him, as they are against all who are envied. Injustice is the price of the coin paid for notoriety. Jefferson, once president of the United States, was among his friends, and had

received him as a visitor. Such a distinguished man would have detected, and not received him as a sojourner in his house. My friend, with his Florida property, who had been among the Indians, was another man not to be deceived by one who feigned a character.

We had much conversation about a life in the woods such as Hunter led, and he acknowledged that my idea was by no means so beside the pleasure of it, with the exception above stated, ever the source of great anxiety both by day and night. He repeated that it was the only disadvantage in his view. Hunting, a pleasure in a well stocked wild, by which the Indian was supported, exposed life to a hostile attack more when separated in following the game. If the Indians tilled the ground they would become better able to resist attacks, as they would not be so far separated. In his eyes the personal security of the individual at all times, in place of a never-ending anxiety, was the thing to be most coveted. Hunter was certainly a most amiable man, and had no motive for an assumption of any other figure than that under which he appeared. If

it were not so, what object could he have had in assuming a false character? He had about him a purely natural address, and though a plain yet an intelligent countenance.

I cannot recall the replies he made to the many questions I put to him, for having at one time of my life lived on the borders of a continental forest called Boisloup, or the Wood of the Wolf, and having spent delightful days in it, sometimes alone, or with an attendance of a couple of dogs and a gun in my rambles, I had felt a degree of attachment for such solitudes occasionally, and the forests of the United States were so aged and vast that, pleased to hear Hunter describe them, they long haunted my fancy. He never did thus to me, however, without bringing in the Indians, and expressing his regard for them in an enthusiastic manner, when his spirit was affected by a reference to their state. In fact, he was too well versed in their manners and customs not to be able to detail them minutely. He died without ever knowing of the calumny which was so unjustly attached to his name.

It was clear that though sedate and calm in general, when his feelings were roused his expressive features bespoke the ill command of his passions over his bodily frame, at other times so calm. The accusation of his being an impostor was easily made, and well was it the charge had never reached his ears. But from his own statements, it is true, nothing of his history was known; indeed it could not be known, for the wild Indian is no recorder of biographies. My friend could not have been deceived, and, as before, bade me remark certain habitual movements of his limbs by Hunter, and again and again the lifting of the hand on particular occasions towards the ear when he was speaking, which R—— had observed among the Indians in the United States. That he was a man of considerable talent by nature there was no doubt. He was anxious to amend the position of the Indians, for whom, he declared to me, he had the strongest regard; they were his people, and he said, on returning to America that he should lay himself out to improve their condition. I never felt more interest in any stranger, though in a short

acquaintance, for there has always appeared to me to be something in man living in the state of his earlier history which is captivating, and Hunter by his conversation increased this feeling.

It would appear that he owed his tragical death to his efforts to serve the men of the woods, who had been promised some land by the Mexican government, and, as usual, in dealings with the whites, had been deceived and cheated. Americans had settled upon the promised grounds. A local struggle took place in Texas against the Americans, which ended in the annexation of it to the states with which the Indians had in the same cause been allied. In the struggle which ensued, Hunter took the part of the Indians, and in every case showed a superior mind and great personal courage. The allies of the Indians proved treacherous, some of the tribes arraying themselves against others. To this enmity Hunter fell a victim. Stopping to water his horse he was fired at and wounded, when he fell into the water, and was instantly despatched by enemies who had played the part of friends.

His simple manners, expressive countenance, and

strong character as to person, marked by perfect calmness of demeanour, changed suddenly when he was animated by enthusiasm or flushed by anger. If the man, in bearing so gentle, were once aroused by passion he became speechless, and lost his self-government. He gesticulated indeed, and could do no more, but that spoke louder than any language could do what was passing in his mind. Still the great object of his ambition was to ameliorate the state of the Indians, of whom he always spoke with great affection.

It is in the nature of existing societies that such a man should be slandered. Indians have said they knew him, men of the Cherokee tribe. Some other Indians, on being questioned, did not know him, hence, no doubt, the ground of the slander. My friend R——, who had lands in the Southern States, and I imagine had seen him there, and recognised him again in Europe, spoke of him to me as a very extraordinary man, who was bent upon amending the state of his country's people, and about to return to America for that purpose. I certainly felt much interested in the little I saw of

him, and was grieved to hear of the death of one who might have effected much good in the philanthropic object he had mainly at heart.

The charge made against him was founded upon the relation of a trader who had been among the people of a tribe, with whom Hunter said he had once sojourned, and they did not know him—a thing no way invalidating Hunter's statement. Some of the Cherokees stated that they had known him well. Secondly, that certain of the words and particular titles and names used, or adopted by Hunter, were not those which Hunter stated were so used; and that he picked up what he knew of the Osage and Kansas languages, after he either left or deserted a company to which he belonged in 1808. This was bold unsupported assertion in my opinion, proceeding from the same slanderous motives which have actuated the ill-natured and envious towards men of notoriety at all times. It is not possible now to decide such a question. Hunter is no more, and truth and slander are alike to him. I can only say, that while I have seen many very interesting individuals in the course of no short

experience in men and things, I have seen few that interested me more than this singular man. Be his history correct or not, the same observation will attach to it. I heard Americans, so far from ranking with his slanderers, praise him for his good conduct, and express full confidence in his history, as well as my friend R——, an extensive holder of land in the Union.

ADMIRAL VINCENT.

It is not a little singular that the first interest I ever felt in looking into the system of Bishop Berkley should have arisen from the ideas of a naval post-captain of 1747. At the time to which I allude he was an admiral in the navy of long standing, and then eighty-four years old. If the observations I have made upon individuals whom I have heretofore noticed—some much less known than others—though not more in length many of them than the biographies of Cornelius Nepos, let the reader reflect that no more can be detailed than is known, on the principle I first laid down, of giving only what had

been matter of limited personal observation, and not biography.

My acquaintance with Admiral Vincent was of short duration in consequence of his advanced age. He was in full possession of his faculties, and after I was introduced to him in a casual manner, he alluded in conversation one day to the theory of Bishop Berkley on the non-existence of matter. I was surprised at the way in which he spoke upon the subject, never having thought much about it myself. Being young and occupied with the realities of life and the politics of the hour, I was unprepared to weigh his arguments. They appeared very strange to my young ear. Of Bishop Berkley's theory I knew little or nothing beyond the existence of such a doctrine, which to me had appeared very absurd. I listened, but did not feel convinced by the venerable Admiral's reasoning. Like the guest of the Barmecide in the Arabian Nights, who affected to eat when there was nothing upon the table before him, so I seemed at first to assent to that which I did not comprehend. At length I began to question some points upon which

I was little or very ill informed. The Admiral strenuously maintained the certainty of his doctrine, and asserted that pride and prejudice could alone prevent a general belief in the validity of his opinions. Pride and prejudice, he asserted, were the foes he had to combat, and but for them he was of opinion his arguments would be all-prevailing. There was this consideration, too, that his theory would not affect any animated creature. All things would appear as they do now. The sun's rays would enlighten the earth in the same manner; plants would grow as before; and all the operations of nature be unchanged. It was equally in the power of the Deity to cause sensations in the minds or souls of men, whether or not they were excited by external objects. All would be done exactly in the same manner as far as human perception went, and the beneficent attributes of the Deity would be equally evident.

The Admiral then met any objections raised by the Mosaic account of the creation—not that they are of much moment to the point—proving that the world was external or otherwise. The Jewish writer

did not anywhere state that there was aught to contradict the theory thus advanced, though his statement might seem to bear that colouring. The whole existence of man was a mystery, and the Creator the greater mystery of all, for man could have no idea of his nature or of the extent of his power. Man and the universe he inhabited were mysteries. It would be necessary to keep in mind, in any consideration of the subject, the vastness and the immensity of the impressions that must be continually made upon the souls of all animals under such a theory.* This seemed at first to stagger the Admiral, as he said, on reflecting upon the principle of the doctrine. But upon the sublime definition of the Being "whose centre was everywhere and circumference nowhere,"† it seemed to remove such a difficulty, all things being possible to Omnipotence.

The venerable Admiral would then argue upon the difficulties that attend the supposition of the existence of matter. He quoted the ancient philo-

* Deus ut anima brutorum.

† A definition of Blaise Pascal.

sophers in their utterance of certain opinions that gave strength to his theory. He took no notice of Beattie's answer to Bishop Berkley, nor that of Reid and others, but quoted Berkley on his own side of the question. He was by no means an angry disputant when attempted to be controverted.

He reckoned up the difficulties in the way of his opinion, and the points in its support. A grain of musk might emit its effluvia for a hundred years, and not lose anything of its weight. What could then be the minuteness of that portion which must fly off in a second, or that which flies off in a million millionth of that short space of time? Is it conceivable? No one would deny that parts do incessantly fly off in equal times.

Another difficulty existed—that every single grain of wheat first sown must contain the germ of all future grains that should be produced as long as the world endured. If it were not so, all the production of future crops would cease. If matter really subsisted, it would be needful, however incredible, that the number of germs in each of the first grains sown must contain all the rest that were

sown afterwards,—a thing that overwhelmed the imagination. Therefore the Admiral argued that God must create afresh every single grain until a period be put to the existence of the great globe itself—a thing not probable.

There was a third difficulty. A person on the summit of Mount Etna, for example, might in fine weather see a circuit of some hundreds of miles, and the amazing number of objects in that space at the time. According to the common hypothesis this ensues by the reflection of light from the objects, and their images, passing into the pupil of the eye, and being from thence conveyed to the seat of vision, where the mind is situated.

The exceedingly small nature of a ray of light must still occupy space, and from the prodigious number of objects that must enter from such a vast scene before the vision, being reduced, and entering an orifice not the tenth of an inch in diameter, must cause confusion and jostling. Hence the common hypothesis of vision seems not correct, and as a consequence that commonly credited of the existence of matter was not correct.

Another difficulty, arising from the supposition that matter was created, is that it must be infinite in extent, and consequently endued with infinite divisibility. This appears inconsistent, and hence the Admiral was much inclined to believe that the creation of matter was not an object of power, for if it be said to be eternal, it must be infinite in extent. It would be a strange idea to suppose a part of space left out. The result would be, that the whole, filled up, would become one solid, immovable, impenetrable block.

Again, if cohesion were to cease from matter, or, in other words, if God were to abstract His superintendence from any part of matter, it must be annihilated. It might be supposed that a real substance would not require foreign means to support its being.

The next point which the Admiral attacked was the principle that every part of matter attracted or repelled other parts reciprocally. They attract when they get to a certain distance, and then they repel. This the worthy Admiral deemed an absurdity,—that is, if it be ascribed to any power lodged

in matter itself. Hence he argued that if two contrary qualities resided in the same substance, they must be intelligent to know the exact time when they must repel and attract. What it was that renewed the strength of the centrifugal force he could not understand, or how the centripetal and that force could agree. Attraction might do for one, but not for the other. Then there was the difficulty that when, as supposed, the substance of matter was composed of atoms that were imperceptible and indivisible, still a number of them put together would be divisible, and more than that, this indivisible would be divisible *ad infinitum*, without advancing a single step towards annihilation. There was no escape from this dilemma but the non-existence of matter. The next difficulty was, that spirit acted upon matter. This the Admiral thought was impossible. It was a question to him whether the creation of matter was in the power of omnipotence.

The Admiral then quoted Count Rumford to support the opinion that the sensation of heat did not proceed from matter. He also believed extension

to be a primary property, the *sine qua non* of matter, which was supposed to be a congeries of atoms so extremely minute that it would be an absurdity to suppose them less. How then could they be expanded or stretched?—a thing only to be supposed possible by the parts being separated from each other. What in that case could be said of other properties of matter, as evaporation, expansion, elasticity, and the like? It was true that Sir Isaac Newton, or some other noted philosopher, had said that a cubic inch of solid matter might be expanded to such a degree as to fill the whole circumambient space of the earth's atmosphere. This appeared incredible. A solid piece of matter could not occupy a larger portion of space for being expanded; the interstices between the divided parts must be proportionally numerous and minute. The velocity of matter was another point, of which the truth was in his opinion to be doubted. The rays of the sun darted forth, but what propelled them? at the rate, too, of ten millions of miles in a minute? The flame of a candle emitted light at the inconceivable rate of two hundred thousand times in a

second, its light filling the space around it for a diameter of two miles.

Such were some of the doubts this veteran disciple of Bishop Berkley expressed, as showing, in his opinion, that there were grounds in opposition to the existence of matter. His mind seemed clear, and his age not to affect his intellect. He made one think of Fontenelle in regard to prepossessions, a writer whom I began to read early in life ; but the Admiral had of course no resemblance to a man devoted wholly to courts and literature. A naval life was not that which might be supposed best adapted for abstruse arguments after a post-captainship sixty-two years before. He was so made at the time they were torturing, mutilating, and putting to death, with the most disgraceful inventions of mis-called justice, the numerous Scotch rebels that the Duke of Cumberland had taken, who had been fighting for their "rightful" king, according to the reasoning of George III. in making war upon France in 1793, lavishing so many millions, and causing the destruction of myriads of lives to support the divine right just before contravened. It

was strange to hear many anecdotes and relations of incidents the Admiral had then witnessed that seemed incredible. But to return to the principal topic. The difficulties were eleven in all to which he made allusion. They led the admiral to advance them in support of his principles as reasons why those who heard his advocacy of the doctrine he supported should not be still unwilling or afraid to part with their former opinions upon the subject, or even to hear him with attention.

Bishop Berkeley had shown that the intuitive connexion between sight and touch or feeling was the result of habit. This was doubted, until accident proved its perfect correctness by the restoration of sight to a youth who was born blind. The admiral thus became a more decided supporter of the bishop's principle. He openly declared, to the wonder of unthinkers, that the common notion of the existence of matter was false, and that sensible objects were merely mental impressions, produced by the Supreme according to what are denominated the laws of nature. The mind discovers nothing but powers or qualities, and Berkeley endeavoured

to trace their origin, and certainly did not succeed, because there was a want of data on which the foundation of such an investigation could be rested. The fact was, that the truth or falsehood of the doctrine was alike beyond the reach of human attainment. To oppose or support it was involved in precisely the same difficulty, and in consequence it could neither be pronounced false nor true, and it seems likely never to be otherwise. But enough, the truth or falsehood of the theory is not to the present purpose, but rather to hear what a venerable naval officer detailed to his friends as his ideas upon the subject.

The difficulties which, in his view of the existence of matter, having been thus enumerated, he dwelt upon its declared divisibility *ad infinitum*, and the supposed power of spirit to act upon it, as things inconceivable, and in fact impossible. A consideration of the whole question made him ask those who were not convinced by his argument, "Was it to be supposed that a thing was not so because it was seen ever since a man was born as it now appeared, and had not been doubted?" But

no writer upon the subject imagined an external world, supposing such, to be visible. "If this observation should startle the hearer," observed the Admiral, "let him make himself well acquainted with the theory of vision, and his surprise will cease. Should he be driven from that hold, he would probably plead that, although he should allow he does not see a thing, yet he is certain he feels it. But what could make him feel it, were it not real? Will he not believe that, if he pleased, God could make him have the same sensations as if there were no external objects to excite them."

But the worthy Admiral did not end here. "If," said he, "the visible, sensible, external world be not really so, the appearance of it to our minds must be by sensations impressed by the finger of God. It cannot be done by any power less than infinite. If any one denies this to be in the power of the great Adorable, he will not act conformably and in analogy with the operations of nature as above mentioned, if he should continue to hold the popular doctrine of an external world." To himself he said,

“The non-existence of matter would be an irresistible proof of the existence of the Deity.”

The Admiral, finding that a friend had censured him for saying that the creation of matter was not an object of power, he alleged in reply that he was misapprehended. He therefore repeated his arguments, as already given here, stating that the first point he had in view was to make others sensible of the improbability of the existence of matter. This he did by exhibiting the sentiments of those who had employed much time and thought upon the subject. Then he referred to the old metaphysicians, and also to Bishop Berkeley and Baronius. To what particular works of the last of these writers the Admiral referred I do not know. Baronius was an estimable man, and had a cardinal's hat conferred upon him. He was a very learned native of Sora. He published “Ecclesiastical Annals,” but I cannot find that he touched upon any subject connected with Berkeley's subsequent theory, or anything advanced by the Admiral in his notes. In regard to Berkeley, it was probably his “Theory of Vision,” that was published in 1709, which led to the doc-

trines the Admiral so strongly advocated. I mean his work entitled "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," which, no doubt, led to the conclusion that sensible objects are merely mental impressions produced by the Supreme Being according to certain rules called the "Law of Nature."

Admiral Vincent rested strongly upon the argument, "that if matter were created, it must be finite; but notwithstanding that, it had an infinite quality—that of infinite divisibility. This appeared inconsistent, and therefore it was no derogation from the power of Omnipotence to suppose the creation of it not to be an object of power. Finally, the affairs of the universe may be carried on by God himself, the absolute Being or Master of all, without the assistance of an external world."

Under the principle for which the Admiral thus contended, the appearance of everything in the world would be unchanged as at present, or as if there was an external world. The objection here seems to be, that if God operates everything Himself, it would be strange, if not impious, to imagine that He should permit to emanate from His own

immediate hand a *lusus naturæ*—for example, animals with more than one head, defective infants, monsters, and the like. This objection was of no moment, because all that was done would still be done under the plan and supervision of the Deity, as it is done in the present “natural way,” for so it is called. There is the same difficulty as to “why,” under both hypotheses. The operations of nature are carried on in the most simple manner, as far as man can judge. God has the power of causing sensations on the minds of animals just as if they were excited by external objects. The apparatus of rule by an external world is not so simple a way of carrying on the affairs of the universe as it would be by the mighty Creator himself—that inconceivable, incomprehensible Being, whose energy and comprehensive vision is ever active over the whole extent of His vast universal domain, regarding the minutest particle of matter throughout the universe.

“Many will think,” said the Admiral, “that what I advance is an absurdity, especially those—and they are a large part of the social body as a matter of course—who are not capable, from habit,

of reflecting upon what is new to them, or out of the every-day routine of conversational topics, or who do not converse or reflect at all, except on the common-places of business, or do no more than give out that unmeaning waste of words upon nothing by which time and language are wasted. Such will think what I state an absurdity, being ignorant that the question regarding the existence or non-existence of matter has been often argued. I perceive in my memoranda, now of long years' standing, that the Admiral noticed Sir William Drummond's "Academical Questions," and several other authors. Sir William attempted to prove the existence of matter by its properties, as if such properties were self-evident. Seeming to exist and really existing are very different things, and the eternity of matter absurd if in reference to one particular state.

The Admiral repeated again and again, as if to secure those to whom he addressed himself against all mistake, that if his principle be admitted there would be no difference in the appearance of things. We may talk and argue as if all were really existent,

and as the Author of nature designed it should appear to our senses.

The objection against the actions of the Deity Himself, or that mean and wicked actions must as well be performed by Him, is at once met by His apparent assent to such acts in the present theory. This, however, is a point to be answered at once, because in any case wicked actions committed by evil persons are tolerated by Him as it is, though our finite knowledge cannot reach the "wherefore;" and hence that can be no objection. Not an atom of the universe moves without His divine will. All is kept together by his incessant energy. Nothing is independent of Him. Why He suffers evil to be an active agent in the world is, as just observed, unknown, but that so it is. There is some great secret here. Perhaps this state of being is but preparatory to one more advanced, only attainable by passing through the gates of death. However that may be, the main point is of another character.

The doctrine is here only given to mark the peculiar ideas of an individual who devoted himself to consider subjects very abstruse and puzzling to

our common nature. With his disquisition, there was shown as well a mind far from common among his order and profession in life in making such a subject his study.

The universe, he farther contended, was a universe of effects, the cause being kept out of sight. He said that he doubted whether a created being could be said to be possessed of any power whatever even for an instant. He had an idea that the wills of all beings were executed by the Deity, if the wills themselves were free, which he did not doubt to be the case.

The Admiral seemed to make little of any arguments that might be brought against his theory ; while he confessed himself unable, of that he was fully convinced, to combat prejudice deeply-rooted against anything not common, so pernicious was its action, and so much cherished socially. It arrested all attempts at investigation, and prevented important discoveries of all kinds. He was well aware that in the present case it would operate against himself. He was naturally anxious to obtain the assent of others to his own views, and recommended

that people should converse with each other upon what he advanced on the subject; for if such a course were not followed, however a man might be convinced in his own closet of the non-existence of an external world, he would most probably find that conviction became weakened when he went out and mixed in society. In proof of this being the fact, he quoted Cicero, who acknowledged that such was his case after he had been convinced by the arguments of Plato of the soul's immortality.

The mind, he said, discovers nothing but powers or qualities. That Bishop Berkeley had no idea of supporting principles contrary to reason or religion was very clear, nor had he the Admiral in following him. The Scotch had opposed his theory, as it was very easy to do when the truth or falsehood of it was equally unsettled. Thus they might seek to obtain credit where none was due. The Admiral was aware of this fact, and so far of the doctrine being merely speculative, the truth or falsehood of which it was beyond the reach of humanity to establish. None could dispute, from the character of Bishop Berkeley, simple, truthful, and disinterested,

his belief of a doctrine which the admiral took up no doubt under the idea that he saw farther into it than other people, because it crossed his sensorium at a moment when the novelty made a deeper impression than was natural in reply to the question, "of what benefit can that doctrine be regarding which no certain proof of its truth can be obtained?"

It was singular that this naval veteran should have thus occupied himself in his later years, and that the secret which was soon to be opened to him in another state of being should have so strongly fixed his attention. It was not a great while before the common enemy, of the gifted and the incurious alike, took from life one much respected, and not the least missed in the circle to which he belonged.

There is no doubt a great variety in the understandings of men, as Locke justly observed, but it is equally remarkable that their understandings should sometimes be so singularly directed where they follow uncommon or abstruse subjects, apparently the most out of the way of their customary track by nature, or their professional career from habit.

It is the observation of this, and the want of a satisfactory reason for it, that so often leads to the notion of some secret inspiration, when after all no concealed truth remains in the back-ground. The power that moves the mind to the adoption of any particular or uncommon opinion is often as incidental as it is prompted by a chain of causes when it follows any uncommon direction, or one foreign to current opinion and school logic. The variety in the human understanding may in some degree account for this, when it arises gradually or grows up, as it were, in the mind. But there is reason to believe that sometimes it owes its birth to spontaneous action, and is nursed by a species of selection when it displaces other ideas, or is pressed by them so that they seem to require to be used up for the end in view. Newton said he made no discovery worthy of note which was not the result of deep and searching investigation. This is evidence telling against all fanciful theories becoming truths.

That a seaman advanced in life should have become imbued with the doctrine of Berkeley is a curious example of the differences in human char-

acter. These no doubt arise in many from the inequality of capacities to educate them in any mode. How many are unable to reason who are well educated ; and, on the other hand, how many seem to come into a habit of reasoning well by nature ?

In the case of the Admiral the power of reasoning seemed no way deficient. The curious doctrine of Berkeley cannot be controverted, although it has been attempted ; and, on the other hand, it is equally difficult to prove. The tenacity with which Admiral Vincent maintained it seemed to be supported, on his part, by the consciousness that the refutation was not so easily practicable as those supposed who attacked the Berkelian system, without perceiving how ignorant they were of the main points of the doctrine they imagined they had or could refute. The Admiral was not insensible to the ground on which he might have proclaimed the power of his principle, for to refute that which was as incapable of refutation as of proof, placed its advocate upon impregnable ground. However unequally furnished with truths a man may be, he

cannot, between the want of means, the lack of a place on which to rest a lever for overturning the obstacle he would fain remove, do more than the admiral did ; and, while he would refute or support, equally complain of his incompetency for doing either from the impossibility of demonstration, with all the means in the power of humanity to bring it into action.

The remembrance of this singular example of mental devotion—for singular it was—struck me as one worthy of record, though inconclusive, adding one more to the peculiarities of the rational part of the animal creation, and to the infinite variety of character of which it is constituted.

LORD HATHERTON.

THE noble lord, of whom the present is but a passing record, is introduced here because memory is ever impressed with the recollections of those whose names are worthy of preservation, if not for wasteful, unchristian, and worthless achievements in sanguinary battle-fields, still for the more valuable conquests of peace. The success of ambitious men in other walks of life that have little tendency to exalt our humanity, or the pliant statesman who holds office to prove for how small a share of honest principle the applause of the multitude may be obtained among a people saturated with corruption, will be often repeated, but that of those whose

course has run in a uniform course placidly and calmly along like a smooth gliding stream, which carries health, fertility, and freshness through the land, is the less regarded, because the habit of reflection, where it exists at all, is seldom directed to that which is not agreeable.'

Perhaps it is the frequency of death that renders us less regardless of it. "We must be struck with that which is rare or sudden, or, with the vulgar, not think about it."* On the other hand, familiarity subdues apprehension in those necessitated to interfere with its accompaniments. The generations of men pass away as at the beginning, and the social state is ever changing its aspect. Fresh actors appear upon the stage, while memory in the multitude is as short-lived as its virtue. The most fragile things are often the longest lived; the most perishable materials alone contest with time on his own course. But for that the Cæsars had passed into darkness, and the actions of the dead ages been

* "Le remede du vulgaire c'est de n'y penser pas. Mais de quelle brutale stupidité lui peut venir un si grossier aveuglement?" says Montaigne.

wrapped in oblivion. The strongest monuments fall to pieces.* Friends and enemies no longer contest. Yet the human race passes the iron gates of death, and "all men think all men mortal but themselves," while yet inhabiting the "universe of death." Even the stars, "which are the poetry of heaven," go out, and worlds themselves expire. Benefactors as well as tyrants die off—those who have enlightened mankind, and those who have carried with them imprecations not unjustly bestowed. The social state is for ever changing its aspect. Nature in all its beauty continues, but the life of man need not be very prolonged to see in some well-known town or city of his youth no recognisable face. The past has taken away all remembered, and youth by memory is made a regretful and painful reflection. Those who once lifted their heads high, flashing like meteors upon the youthful gaze, have passed away for ever, and left no beneficial traces of their meteoric track. In fact, death is ever that secret, if unseen, irresistible power that the Roman poet described as a certain latent actor

* "*Nec solidi prodest sua machina terra.*"

who sets at nought all human enterprise, who humbles the pride of the haughty, and employs itself in mocking and offering defiance to the proudest and most exalted of sublunary dignities.

But I am led away from the main^{*} object by reflections which force themselves upon the minds of all who think when they write, of which the number is not so great as is in general conceived. The present remarks are suggested by the remembrance of a nobleman in one of the inland counties, in which there dwell some of the older families in the kingdom among its nobility, and not those so often mistaken for noble because they are titled. The Crown cannot make a nobleman, but it can make a peer. The nobility of England are the country families that have resided on their estates before the heralds' visitations ceased. Of these nobility was the family of Luttleton, settled in Worcestershire in the reign of Henry III.,* and it was the decease of the late

* The fifth in descent from Henry III. was Thomas Lyttleton, who first spelled his name in that manner about 1464. He had three sons: William—whence come the Lords Lyttleton—Richard, and Thomas. His eldest son succeeded him as Lord Lyttleton. The second son, Richard, spelled his name Littleton,

Lord Hatherton of that family which caused the present notice of one of those characters whose loss is most likely to be of those not easily replaced.

I had the honour of meeting his lordship first in Staffordshire, where he not long since expired, much lamented. It was twenty-seven years ago that I had for the first time the introduction to Lord Hatherton, having gone down into Staffordshire for the purpose of aiding in that aristocratic, but most important county, in the cause of liberal opinions. The old families of moment there, of every phase of political opinion, were kind and hospitable, and their manners marked by much amenity. The liberal interest ranked as leaders. The late Lord Anglesea, the Earl of Lichfield, Lords Hatherton and Wriottesely ; General George Anson, who died Commander-in-Chief in India ; General Sir George Anson, who commanded the heavy cavalry in Spain under Wellington ; Sir Charles Wolseley, Mr Buller,

and resided at Pillaton Hall, Staffordshire. The last of this branch (Sir E. Littleton) dying in 1812, the baronetcy became extinct, and the estates passed to Edward John, his nephew, the grandson of his sister and her husband, Moreton Walhouse, Esq., son of Mr Walhouse of Hatherton.

and others, on the liberal side. Lord Hatherton was about that time active in support of the free-trade movement, as were most of the other gentlemen on the liberal side. Sir Robert Peel had not then altered his opinion on the free-trade question, though his father, a strong anti-liberal, always saw the question in its true light. As with the Catholic question, Sir Robert was not converted until what Lord Brougham would call "the eleventh hour."

Lord Hatherton vigorously supported that measure with the spirit of unostentatious regard for the public good which, in a country like England, is a most valuable qualification. From his first taking his seat in Parliament, immediately on coming of age, he had ever exhibited the independent country gentleman. No one ever accused him of shuffling in his political life, nor of defending opinions which he did not sincerely believe. He could not, like Lord Palmerston, change with every opponent principle of party to hold a place, only one instance of which so much injured Sir Robert Peel. Some, however, can contrive to fall in a most politic way, and get on their legs again before the world is

aware of their stumbling. Lord Hatherton was one of the small stock of liberal landholders left, who dared to vote as their consciences directed them, not having anything to crave from place but what an honest ambition would fully justify. The true bearing in his own view of the question was his guide, unawed in the early part of his career by the fag-end of the Pitt and Addington administration under the honest mediocrity of Lord Liverpool.

There were few more capable men of business than his lordship in Parliament. It is extremely probable that the independent party to which Lord Hatherton—or rather, at that time, Mr Littleton—belonged, saved the country from those permanent encroachments upon popular freedom which the ignorance and unscrupulous disregard of every form or practice of the constitution that stood in his way made Lord Castlereagh (Londonderry) be regarded with such just suspicion during the whole of his career. When efforts of this nature were made, Mr Littleton, and those who took the same view of the different questions brought forward by that minister, at once threw themselves into the breach, and if not

successful in resisting the efforts made, and supported by flagrant corruption, still acted as a restraining power. Mr Littleton was the origin of many useful and important measures in Parliament connected with trade, manufactures, and the working classes, all which he thoroughly understood. His residence was situated in one of the most remarkable districts of England for the magnitude of its iron trade. A little way, too, north of his residence lay the curious district named the "Potteries," of which so much has been heard, where such beautiful productions have been made, and yet so little is known.

Lord Hatherton had the sagacity to perceive how remarkably the extension of manufactures, and the value of land, act upon, and benefit, and enrich each other. The conveyance of agricultural produce to the larger manufacturing places was rendered easy and rapid by canals before railways were known, and these tended to improve the previous advantage on all points. Manufactures increased agricultural consumption. Teddesley, extra-parochial, in the parish of Penbridge, Staffordshire, or closely

adjoining it, was thus invited as it were to improve itself, and its noble owner did not want sagacity to perceive, what neither his own example nor that of others far-seeing could be brought to discredit, that free trade in all commodities was a great spur to the benefit of the nation at large, and the landholder particularly. In vain had Mr Charles Villiers, long before Cobden appeared on the stage, stood almost alone in the House of Commons, semi-reformed as it was at that time, laboured to make the House sensible of what the plainest unshackled mind could comprehend, but all in vain. Lord Hatherton not only saw the advantage, but acted upon the principle as far as it was in his power. He restricted his game-preserves, and improved his land in place of breeding animals to mangle for sport. He reflected on what markets he had nearest, and the facilities of conveyance. He dismissed or set at nought those old prejudices of county gentlemen, embraced by them so strongly as to caricature reason, only founded upon their oft-repeated argument, "Consider the wisdom of our ancestors," in place of reflecting that the older

the prejudice the more absurd. His lordship set his shoulder to the wheel, and the result fully repaid his perspicacity. Some individuals of the oldest standing in the county could not see the advantage of free trade nor even of railways. Sir Charles Wolseley, except the Bagots, perhaps the most ancient family in the county, told me at Wolseley that he could not see the benefit of the measure. He feared it would do much mischief to the country. I could make no impression upon him by all I could say, yet in all cases else he was a decided liberal, as the world knows. Others in the county remained neutral, and would not support nor oppose Sir Robert Peel in his opposition to free trade. Not so Lord Hatherton of Teddesley. When the battle raged furiously, his lordship comported himself with that quiet moderation which attaches to clear-sighted individuals who are conscious of a sound cause, relying upon the strength of those arguments and the certainty of an ultimate conclusion effected by time in favour of the side they espouse.

Before, and while the question was pending, Lord Hatherton farmed wisely and extensively.

He "rolled away" in his wheelbarrow, as that noble-spirited independent peer said,—I allude to old Earl Stanhope's simile,*—he rolled away a number of petty, injurious, and vexatious legislative measures which had grown up out of the trading and manufacturing superstitions of the past time—I may not inappropriately call them so. His lordship possessed no inconsiderable weight in committees in the House of Commons, for he was well read in parliamentary lore, and his judgment was sound. He saw at a glance, before free trade became so important a question, with what a number of small and vexatious enactments the superlative "wisdom of our ancestors" had crippled not only the master-manufacturer but the laborious

* It was at a time almost matching the present rage for bishopping, (not honest Cambridge "bishop" of wine and nutmeg,) but such as are holding a "pan" or caucus just now, that the bishops in the Upper House were opposing a measure he introduced. "I love," said the honest old earl, "to argue with my lords the bishops, and the reason is because I generally get the better of the argument." The earl told them on one occasion that if they would not let him cart away their rubbish, he would endeavour to wheel it away by barrowfuls. The mitres were shocked at their dignities being so lightly treated, and by a temporal peer too.

workman. He brought in a bill to change the notorious truck system, declaring that the masters made fifteen per cent. by the abuse. "I know some masters who employ five or six thousand men," he observed, "who were about to leave off paying in money." His lordship added that a great sensation had been raised by that injurious practice, and it was necessary to relieve the workman from its baneful and demoralising influence.

Strange enough, he was opposed in this useful measure by Mr Hume, a measure, too, so clearly needful to protect the workman from injustice, and thus Sir Robert Peel, Mr Sadler, and Mr C. P. Thompson supported Mr Littleton. Hume divided the House against it, and lost his motion.

It was upon the foregoing bill that some reflections of Mr O'Connell respecting the Truck Bill were erroneously made. The member for Waterford told O'Connell that Mr Littleton slighted Ireland, or words to that effect. Mr Littleton replied that he deemed it a duty as a public man to expose such a misrepresentation. The fact was, that Sir John Newport, who sat for Waterford, if I re-

collect the affair as it took place, had addressed Mr Littleton, and concluded by asking him if he had any objection to omit Ireland from the bill. The reply was given in a careless way, "Well, I do not care about Ireland!" In truth, meaning that the measure was of little or no moment in that country. This the Irish members construed into a slight—"nobody in England cared about Ireland." Mr Littleton answered that he had a right to allude to such a misrepresentation. "I have," said he, "a just right to complain that, having done all I could to advance the interests of the Roman Catholics, and after the manner in which I have always endeavoured, for the last eighteen years, to benefit Ireland, it should now be necessary to defend myself against the charge of caring nothing about that country, and of being insensible to the interests of the Irish people. I did not believe that any man could have given utterance to a charge so unjust, so utterly unfounded, and so injurious to my character."

O'Connell apologised, and expressed his regret that he should have misunderstood the honourable

member, though the remark had at the time the effect which he had ascribed to it. It is the only instance on record in which Mr Littleton's equable temper was tried in the House of Commons. He was at all times and of all men the most amiable and self-sustained. He was punctual in everything, and from his placid but firm conduct upon all occasions little likely to excite or even to merit the personal animosity of any man, except when an opponent broke out of all reasonable bounds. No one of his time ever did so little to offend or to provoke rudeness from another.

The manufacturers of Staffordshire will long retain a grateful recollection of Lord Hatherton, as who will not that had the honour of his acquaintance. His lordship's success in putting down Extents in Aid was a ground of obligation not to be forgotten. He had to combat in his operations for that purpose one of the most obstinate, ignorant, and wrong-headed of official men, in a time when people of common judgment and fair information upon most topics, seeing such persons in public posts, exclaim as of the fly in amber :

“The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there!”

It was a proof, too, of Mr Littleton's sense of justice, as well as of his patient perseverance, that at last he was successful, by the aid of a strong party of friends, pertinaciously keeping the object in view. It need not be asked whether, in all that could promote the interests of the people of every class, he was not the foremost. Chairman of some of the most important undertakings, he considered as well all that was submitted to him by those who were inventors or projectors of things likely to be conducive to the public benefit. He reformed the local currency by his influence, which consisted at one time of little more than tradesmen's tokens under a certain value, and, in short, brought his own clear intellect to bear upon questions the benefit or evil of which involved no light responsibility. He was far before his earlier friends in his views upon political measures, particularly that class which seemed only to feel, not see, their way, and to go onward, led more by instinct than reason.

Lord Hatherton was one of the early supporters

of parliamentary reform. He had seen quite enough of the existing system of government, through corrupt borough agencies, to convince him of the necessity of a measure which caused the most flagrant abuses, and tended to place ignorant officials in too many of the departments, or to which the government, for the sake of support or patronage, promoted similar persons. He advocated religious freedom, and supported the measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation. He was, in fact, a sincere reformer at a time when party clamour proclaimed national ruin in a return to a purer system of representation. He smiled, as every individual did not interested in the preservation of a vicious system, at the prognostications of those who could find no other argument for the existing corruption but that staying it would bring on national ruin. There is something noble in such a consistency of character, and in that strong principle which, although perceiving obstacles of moment in the way, and power of no mean extent barring it, will not retrograde; but, with the belief of ultimate success in a just and necessary cause, never once

falters, and having the conviction of ultimate success, seldom or never fails to see it in the end. "*Possunt quia posse videntur.*" An early reverse only serves to strengthen the spirit and renew the contest with Antean vigour.

When Canning came into office after the sun of the ministry that preceded him had set in darkness for ever, Lord Hatherton saw in his accession to office the prospect of a grateful change in public affairs. It was not until several years after that event that I first met his lordship, who had then become a member of the Upper House; but whether of the Lower or Upper, his political principles remained unshaken, and put to shame the waverers and time-servers of the hour.

There is no higher source of honest exultation for a man in public life, when approaching advanced age, or treading upon the verge of existence, than the casting a retrospective glance towards objects and actions fast fading amid the dimness of departed time, and without self-reproach to be able to say to himself, "I have never had occasion to change the first view I took of public affairs

nor the principles which I then adopted. Thus far they have been in accordance with the advances of the age, the improvements made, and the more accurate views now prevalent. I have ever acted for what I thought the best. I have never sacrificed my better convictions to my interests as a public man. I can only charge myself with those failings in opinion inseparable from my nature. In my public duties I can at least congratulate myself with having a clear breast."

How few public characters can thus congratulate themselves when near the termination of life's fitful fever, yet I believe with that few Lord Hather-ton was to be numbered, and that such a declaration he might have honestly made. No cowardice marked his political character. He was too open for a finished politician, some of whose virtues are vices with those honestly scrupulous. There was no petty reservation in his conduct about that reform which shocked some short-sighted men. How lachrymose Burke would have been over the destruction of what he would have denominated the political chivalry of the age, and have poured

out with volcanic fury prophetic denunciations, and the anathema of words that die of their excess of fury. How would Windham have deplored an age that could not see the superiority of its fathers, and the heroism of Cressy and Agincourt, in the bull and bear-baiting and cock-fighting of "the good old times," as well as the advantage he averred to exist in borough corruption and seat-selling, which he declared to be advantages. Even the Jesuitism of old Lord Eldon, proclaimed the favourite of all his subjects by George III., was in crape upon the melancholy occasion of the Reform Bill. Mr Littleton did not think with these renowned men. He knew his countrymen well. He knew the good policy, as well as justice, of the popular demand for reform, and he felt that it was right to support Lord Grey accordingly. He knew inroads had been made on popular rights, and he would have supported Lord Grey had he gone further than he did. In his part of the task, in conjunction with others, he performed his work with his customary assiduity. He was indeed one of the leading reformers of the time, invaluable for fidelity to the principles of his

party, his close attention to business, and his experience and knowledge of the different feelings and habits in the agricultural and manufacturing districts. His failing was that he was too candid and open for a hacknied political leader. Nine-tenths of the virtue of such lies in nurturing a suspicious wariness. His lordship was a good scholar, and possessed an excellent library at Teddesley, where he kept up general hospitality at Christmas too in the old way of English country gentlemen,—a position in life, if its advantages were known and felt, as they too seldom are, they might thank God for as the happiest position during the few years allotted to humanity.*

Mr Littleton was chief secretary for Ireland, under the Lord-Lieutenancy of the Marquis Wellesley, at a very trying moment in public affairs. His first wife was the daughter of the marquis, by whom he left a son, Edward Richard Littleton, his successor to the title and estates.

His lordship married a second time, in 1852, Mrs Davenport, the relict of Edward Davis Daven-

* "O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint Agricolas!"

port, Esq., of Caperthorne, a lady well meriting his lordship's choice.

Lord Hatherton held no office in Lord Melbourne's administration, though he sat for South Staffordshire. He soon after received the honour of the peerage, which he so well merited, for his public services. He was created in 1835 Baron Hatherton, and was subsequently appointed to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Staffordshire.

During the time Lord Hatherton was secretary for Ireland as Mr Littleton, there was never, perhaps, a period of late years when the duties of the office were more difficult to fulfil. The agitation for the repeal of the union was at its height. The Lord-Lieutenant and his secretary were alone in unison. There were differences in the Cabinet at head-quarters, and O'Connell was wielding a most powerful influence, it could not be denied, with great effect. Still, the ruling powers on the spot, who must have been best informed, saw no need of that apprehensive policy which the agents of the Orange Church secretly carried, by false representations, to the ministry. The policy of the Cabinet

differed from that which the heads of the Government deemed it more correct to pursue. O'Connell saw his advantage, and did not fail to avail himself of it. It was a divided house, and his acuteness perceived it. In vain did the Irish Government remonstrate against the renewal of the coercion bill. The ministry differed even upon the main points. At this important moment Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham deserted from the Cabinet. The old story of "the Church in danger" was again rung in the ears of the timid by the crafty. The introduction of the obnoxious and useless act at the same time took place, and the natural consequences ensued.

It was just at this period, so untoward, from the foregoing circumstances, that Lord Hatherton, then Mr Littleton, was charged with giving information to O'Connell indiscreetly, at a personal meeting, of the disunited state of the Cabinet. Ever open and honourable, he did not imagine that O'Connell would turn what he said to the advantage of his party. The secretary had been too candid in dealing with a lawyer who united the

politician with his professional habits, and a profit was at once made of the information. The Irish secretary was not like Moloch, expert in wiles, and therefore became the victim of his candour. He could, in consequence, take no other step but to resign his post, and the ministry upon that event also resigned.

A letter from his lordship, written in his customary kind manner, and implying that he would direct his attention to certain points when he arrived in town, after the existing Parliamentary recess, was the last communication I ever received from him. How shortsighted are human expectations. Lord Hatherton had scarcely exceeded the age allotted to men of old—which we are informed has been lengthened ten years, in later days, by those who calculate average longevities—when his health began to decline rapidly. This state of things was probably accelerated by his own idea, that but few of his family had survived threescore years and ten. His customary habits and his appearance led to the promise of a more prolonged existence, which the above predisposition, with a declining state of health, no

doubt tended to hasten. His usual kindness of temper, and amenity towards others, did not forsake him during his illness, which at first had not appeared of much moment, but too soon assumed another aspect, and became serious. In truth, that open, kind urbanity of disposition and exceeding good-will towards others never once forsook him. Few public men had so large a circle of friends, a fact which speaks for itself. No one in public life ever passed through it, more free of evil intention, or with a purer mind. He was candid, honest, and too much above trickery for the hacknied and deceptive habits of the larger part of official men who happen to be adepts in their art. Without being a man of genius, he possessed qualities fully, perhaps, more valuable to the community in the sphere in which he moved, and in which he was called upon to act by his distinguished place in society. All his duties were correctly fulfilled up to the last moment he was able to perform them, in fact, exercised too long in aid of the insidious advance of the foe of our common humanity. Lord Hatherton was one whom society could least

spare at the moment, on many accounts, for not only were his public labours valuable, as already stated, but as a scholar, an agriculturist, and a hospitable country gentleman, no one could be more missed in a county where the majority of that class are numerous; and, with few exceptions, are of all political parties so open and hospitable.

If a knowledge of between twenty and thirty years can enable an observer to form some estimate of character, looking retrospectively at that large portion of human existence which will be admitted possible, it is not wonderful that, with the saddened feeling of others, I must add my sorrow that the country should have been so soon deprived of his lordship's services. If one who honoured the peerage much more than the peerage could honour him;—if candour, incapacity of craft—even the share sometimes conceded by *bienseance* to statesmen—generous emotion, and a perfect sense of social duty, with its due performance, a great aptitude for public business, and honesty of judgment, as well in private life as in relation to the true interests of his country, the union of these

recommended the man by the absence of all ostentation—if there are social as well as individual virtues when openly exercised, they too were the property of him whose loss was so largely felt. We have never encountered—we own it—a second example in any walk of life that could be styled his lordship's parallel in those points by which he was more generally distinguished, and could be best estimated.

Having occasion to make a request of his lordship, of no public moment, and ignorant he was not a magistrate, he wrote me, recommending me to Lord Wriottesely who was so, and then alluded to a public subject, which will show that as a country gentleman he well understood the true interest of the landowner, which the majority of the class were too ignorant, or too wedded to old things to perceive. On this subject some one on the Tory side had said that the ministers in 1849 were more deeply pledged on the corn question than on any other. It was insinuated his lordship was not sincere about it. He wrote me :—

"DEAR SIR,—Very likely a minister may have been asked, (I think Lord Melbourne was last session,) whether any intention was then entertained of altering the law, and he may have answered 'No.' Seasons, tempers, and means of execution, are elements of consideration in deciding upon a question of this sort. These are favourable now, and were unfavourable then. But to state that the corn question is one on which the Government is more deeply pledged than to any other is neither more nor less than a wilful falsehood.

"It is notorious that there has always been a large party in the Government in favour of an entire change of the law—an absolute repeal, and the substitution of a very moderate duty, which should vanish at a certain price. I am not sure whether one or more of the Government have not been for an unqualified free trade. How they voted last year on any motion, if any were made, I do not know. I have no means of reference at hand. But this I remember, that in 1833 or 1834, on Mr Hume's motion, Lord Duncannon, then Commissioner of the Woods and Forests; Mr Littleton, then Chief

Secretary ; Mr Ellice, (I forget whether he was then in office, or if he were not, he had only just quitted it,) and several others filling subordinate posts in the Government, voted on Mr Hume's resolutions. As far as the Government was concerned, it was an open question. It would be worth while to look at the lists, and see how Mr P. Thompson then voted. His opinions were strongly favourable. As to my vote on the occasion, I should not like to appear to be following in the wake of those who are proposing to tack and go round in compliance with the gale. I have, in addition to the hundred motives of public policy, always felt it to be especially the interest of large landowners to give no just cause of complaint to consumers.—I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,
"HATHERTON."

The above will show how his lordship, a large landowner, understood that momentous question, so strongly opposed by those who are guided by the hornbooks of their forefathers.

His lordship's judgment was sound in the matter of our defence against foreign attacks. It was to

strengthen our artillery. I had said that the army might soon be made efficient in case of war, but that the navy could not, and that with steam we were doubly safe. A person had asked me how I felt when Bonaparte was at Boulogne with 100,000 men. I replied—Just as I feel now. I am sailor enough to know that open boats by hundreds will make a muddle of it with only two or three small ships of war among them. Steam was our better weapon, and strengthened us. His lordship said—

“The public, I believe, are with you; and sure I am that therefore you are right—that the only sure defence of our shores is in our sailors, and especially our mercantile marine. No country like ours was ever sustained in a long war except by that force.”

But I must quote no further. The course of events follows that of human existence, and both too soon become the shadows of a shade in the rapid progression of everything beneath the heavens towards oblivion, so that the making such records, equally evanescent, demands *cui bono*?

REV. JOHN MURRAY.

THERE is a body of Christians in the United States of America denominated "Universalists." They are divided into two sects or divisions, one differing little from some of the Unitarians in this country, the other almost peculiar to the American States. One of these sects believes in the ultimate salvation of all men ; the other, with distinctions we cannot exactly define, holds a doctrine somewhat similar, except that the wicked who die in their sins will be punished for them—

" ——— Confined to fast in fires
Till the fowle crimes done in the dayes of nature
Are burnt and purged away !"

So far, then, has this doctrine spread—a doctrine so opposed to the priest-invented or adopted word in English which has become an adjuration, for the Scripture word from the Latin is “condemn.”* The doctrine to which I allude—Universalism—is become, from its number of disciples in the United States, the fourth in the numerical order of its followers. Many, also, who are of other denominations, hold that one tenet with their own. There are Episcopalians, too, who hold that single tenet of the Universalists, but no other.

John Murray of Boston, in the United States, was a man of enthusiastic temperament, great piety, endowed with natural eloquence, ardent almost to enthusiasm, unwavering, philosophical, and ever zealous to do good. In some respects his sentiments were different from others of his persuasion ; but of his pure motives, unrelaxing zeal, un-

* *Condemno* and *damno*. Thus—*Condemnabo eodem ego te crimine*. *Cic.* from *con* and *damno*—*damno*, to condemn, meaning precisely the same ; but “to damn” in English has been converted by middle-age priestcraft or dark times into burning in hell-flames, and the sense thus given is the vilest curse of the vulgar against each other.

flagging labour, and true piety, there could be no doubt. He cast aside all titles of honour or respect but one by which he chose to distinguish himself—"The Promulgator of Glad Tidings." It is no little claim upon renown to be the founder of a religious sect, when free of selfishness, with no motive but the conviction of right, with a pure life and high integrity of character. Murray laboured hard to sweep away errors alike absurd and unchristian, and to set up in their places what he conceived would bear to be tried by the standard of mercy and truth. He had no idea of approving any sentiments or opinions because they were time-worn, but rather the reverse. His career was one of general benevolence. He endeavoured to bring the moral affections of his hearers under the influence of holiness, but not out of fear of hell and the dogma of eternal punishment for the sins of a comparative moment. He sought to make mankind in love with holiness of life, not from exacerbating the terrors of future pain, but by making mankind sensible that the truth was to be found in "reconciliation" with the Supreme Being by Christ, and the medium of pardon

through penitence and a change to a virtuous and holy life. He had no regard for the violent opposition which he first met with in the United States. He was often rudely opposed at an early period after his arrival, when a stranger and a wanderer to American solitudes from his native land. He was then a disconsolate widower. He had been a convert to the doctrines of Whitfield first, and in the next place of a Mr Relly, who preached in London, near to where he resided in the city. He had been tempted to exercise his talents as a minister in a chapel in the States where a minister was wanted, and from that beginning arose the spread of Universalism in America, under this zealous and singularly-gifted man. He had been led across the Atlantic in 1770, it may be said in search of a solitude that would minister comfort to his spirit after the loss of a wife and child in England, where he had settled down.

I was a mere child, but remember the man's outline of figure as he sat in my father's parlour, at Falmouth, where he had landed from America, and was on his way to London to see his friends

He was introduced by a merchant of the town, and while he remained in the place visited at my father's house several times. Proceeding to London, after a short stay with his mother, he returned to the United States, embarking at Portsmouth. My father was so much pleased with him that a correspondence ensued between them, until death put a final stop to it on his part, Mr Murray surviving him seven or eight years.

His father was a member of the Church of England, his mother a Presbyterian. He was a native of Alton, in Hants. His father's house being burned, he visited and resided some time with relations in Ireland, one of whom was governor of the fort or fortress at Cork. He had early in life strong religious impressions, and on his father's death took his place in the family. At a very early age he defended, in an open law court, a case in relation to some land which was a family property, and obtained a verdict against the counsel that opposed him, a decided proof of his talent. He visited Cork to see his grandmother, and heard Whitfield preach at Limerick. He soon after returned to

London, became somewhat convinced, heard Whitfield again there, and resolved to give up dissipation. He then joined Whitfield's church, and not long after married a most amiable young lady, a Miss Neale, with whom he again visited the chapel of Mr Relly, of whom both soon became hearers. Mr Relly was a universalist. For this conduct, having joined Whitfield's church, he was excommunicated. He now lost his wife in childbed, and London became hateful to him. He was inconsolable, and determined to seek the woods and solitudes of the American colonies. He took leave of his mother, and thus seeking consolation he knew not how, he set sail, hopeless and aimless. •He had sought for comfort in religion, and had been once called upon to attempt an address, in fact to preach, in London, and had succeeded, for he had a vivid fancy, had read much of English poetical literature, but by no means possessed a perfectly grammatical style of composition. His eloquence, decorated with apt poetical quotations, and a wonderful flow of language, singularly captivated his hearers. On making the land, as they supposed at Sandy Hook, which was

really seventy miles away, they having mistook the distance for seven miles, the ship ran ashore in a wild place called Cranberry Inlet, in a fog. There Murray found himself, purposeless, unknown, and no accommodation on shore. He was a total stranger, and left behind with others. The vessel got off, and sailed. He had nothing but the clothes he wore, his purse, and his Bible. He had no food, and had to search for it with others left like himself. Murray was fortunate at last to find a house and chapel in the woods, and to be hospitably welcomed by the farmer or owner of the place, named Potter, who was in comfortable circumstances, and a man of religion. He had built near his house a chapel for ministers of all sects to preach in if they should chance to pass that way, but acknowledged that the pulpit was sometimes vacant for months together. He, Murray, having confessed that he once had preached in England, Potter hoped he would do so there, and make his house the stranger's home at least for a time.

It was true he had no object elsewhere ; he was bowed down by his domestic calamity in England,

and all places were alike to him. The wild woods and solitude were around him, and thus he had the seclusion he desired. He had noted how in London his friend Mr Relly had been persecuted for his "damnable doctrine" of universal salvation, and he was too honest to preach what he did not believe. He was not without fears as to the result. He had never attempted before to instruct others, though he had preached. He conceived that he was bound to try, was successful, and much pleased the people. After the lapse of a little time he proceeded to New York, his mind still heavily oppressed. The news that he had preached, and his peculiar doctrine, had reached that city. He became a novelty, and in a little time believed he might be useful. Letters of his wife he bore about with him, a melancholy treasure, a sort of charm that urged him on. He soon became popular as a minister in New York, still supporting his doctrine of "universal redemption," for so he styled it. In 1774 he visited Boston, where he was heard with great attention. He was of course slandered and abused for his "damnable" doctrine of the ultimate salva-

tion of all men, but he was well supported by those who became of his opinion. He visited Gloucester, where he was also calumniated and insulted for his doctrine. There it was he became acquainted with General Greene, so well known in the unfortunate war with England, who urged him to become his chaplain.

In 1775 he was named chaplain to the Rhode Island brigade, a detachment of the Revolutionary army. He found little pleasure in the appointment, though honourable to him. He accompanied a detachment to compliment General Washington, on taking the command of the army at Cambridge, and was received with the usual urbanity of that immortal man. He devoted himself to break the habits of swearing, too much indulged in by the troops, and numbers yielded to his remonstrances. In one case, finding a sick soldier could not proceed on his march from weakness, where a stream was to be forded, Murray took the poor man's knapsack and all his accoutrements, and crossed it with them upon his own person, so that the poor fellow was

able to pass himself. A number of similar anecdotes were told of the chaplain of the brigade. He often parted with his last shilling to aid sufferers, and left himself without pecuniary means. General Washington ordered that he should be particularly respected. He was appointed chaplain to three Rhode Island regiments by that General, who said, "Mr Murray is a young man now ; he will live to be old, and repentance will be the companion of his age." The prediction was verified ; for while he was with General Greene and his family, his presence was considered as a favour, and his pay or ratio would have accumulated, as he resided in that distinguished officer's house. He might have retired on half-pay or commutation in that case, and in years of decrepitude have been easy in his circumstances. But he seemed to have a wish to be clear of the abodes of affluence, thinking that a state of dependence was not consistent with his views of personal comfort. He continued in the army until a bilious fever brought him nearly to the grave. He recovered, however, only to renew

his efforts for the good of others, and the relief of the sufferers during that calamitous war, being at the moment still resident in Gloucester.

When he recovered from illness he became most useful in alleviating the wants of the population. He laboured in a severe winter to collect food and money for those suffering from the calamity of the war, where he had to undergo many trials, one of which was from certain persons who, under the spirit of the old government and State Church, demanded his authority for presuming to preach, having no regular credentials to show, although the commander-in-chief had appointed him a chaplain in the army. In 1790, he became a regular minister in Gloucester, a chapel having been erected in which he promulgated that "damnable doctrine," so styled in London, and in the States, by those who would only admit themselves to be right. But they were not content with abuse. The barbarous laws of the old country as to religion, as well as its prejudices, were still in force in the States, and persecution in the courts of law, or rather an appeal to the civil power ensued. To the "law's

delay," as usual, there was an appeal on both sides, and at length the verdict was given in favour of religious freedom, and on the side of Murray. He soon afterwards set out to visit his mother in his native land ; and it was upon that occasion, on his landing at Falmouth, that he was introduced to my father, and while there that he visited at his house. In 1785, previously, he had been placed at the head of a chapel in Bennet Street, Boston, not without some opposition from other sects. In Philadelphia, New York, and in the State of Massachusetts, he was much sought for and valued. The old law relative to marriages out of the Church of England was still in force, and Murray had married in his chapel. He was therefore prosecuted under the old law for more than one infringement of it, and he was advised to withdraw himself from the ruinous fines which the old tyranny of an Establishment had enacted, until the State should formally abrogate the law. The legislature was addressed accordingly. Mr Murray then embarked for England to visit his mother, and evade any fresh measures against one who had incurred the anger of other sects for

preaching that God was more merciful to sinners than they would have Him to be. Yet was the doctrine of Murray highly praised by the excellent Dr Franklin as being consonant in principle with a merciful God, as he said, "Restoring a lapsed world to Himself," being the words in which that great man expressed himself upon being asked his opinion of the doctrine.

The senate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts soon passed an act of indemnity on behalf of Mr Murray, to secure him from such prosecutions, or rather persecutions, from the old Episcopalian law, in future. I believe it was about 1790, or a little before, that he once more trod his native shores, where he was well received, and when his acquaintance with my family commenced personally, though only for a short time, but by correspondence, until a death in England alone terminated it in 1807. Those who heard him preach in England described him as possessed of a power of natural oratory that bore away the affections irresistibly. His fervour was great, his language highly poetical, and yet he often violated some rule of grammar.

He had evidently read more works of imagination than of fact. It was by the display of a rich fancy, a great flow of language, intense feeling, and an admirable power of winning the affections, that he acquired his popularity. I possessed a number of his letters to my father, which I recently returned, to where a great value was set upon them in the United States. They were remarkable for testifying warm friendship, elevated piety, and a temper exceedingly equable. On quitting England he returned again to America, as before observed, and finally settled down in Boston, where he continued until his decease in 1815. He was early looked upon by his countrymen with jealousy. They were not yet in matters of faith emancipated, even in the city of the pilgrim fathers, from the bigotry and prejudices of the old time inherited from the mother country. He was regarded with revulsion, and even insulted. His creed soon made way notwithstanding. His chapel was denominated in Boston the "Independent Church of Christ." He kept up a correspondence with several ministers of the Church of England, as well as of the old country

dissenters, of which the natural warm-heartedness of the man contributed to the preservation until death terminated it.

The Government of the United States wisely resolved not to legislate for religion, further than to protect all peaceful sects in the exercise of their duties, or what they so denominated. This resolution was not followed by any decline in the duties of religion generally. The truly faithful of all creeds are as numerous there as in England. In the old country, the established creed was a means of rule, although not more than half the population held by it. It was ever there as much a political as a religious institution, and its use was never spared for secular purposes. In the United States, no particular creed was arrayed for or against the ruling party of the time. The consequence was, that a dominant creed not existing, religion was, and is, free from the charge of being a political engine of the ministers of the hour, to support unjust and unnecessary wars, or to enrich individuals by lucrative ecclesiastical posts. In America there is as much real religion as in the

old country, without that animosity between sects, for time has subdued there almost wholly that religious hatred, so opposite to real Christianity.

Mr Murray, promulgating his doctrine of the final salvation of mankind, succeeded at a critical moment, in regard to the state of the country, by a fine carriage, strong arguments, even temper, and reasoning on the subject. He paid no attention to the decrees of Roman emperors, councils, popes, or cardinals, nor to the assumptions of the Church grounded on the papal faith in the day of Constantine. He looked only to "The Book," as the good Bishop of Llandaff, I have before quoted, used to phrase it, for the only true guide.

Ordained the minister at Gloucester, in the first instance, where he resided for some years, he was welcomed upon his return from England by a circle of affectionate friends, who had all embraced the doctrine of which he must be regarded in the main points as the founder in America. Its followers were few, or none, before his time. When he had been ordained a minister, he at length subdued, by patience, and a peculiarly quiet mode of reasoning

with his opponents, all open opposition to his doctrine of "ultimate salvation." Still, there were those who pronounced that doctrine "most damnable." But he was not to be daunted. He, soon after his return from England, went up with a deputation to General Washington, the president. The deputation purported to be from the "Universal Church assembled in Philadelphia," and consisted of the minister of the church there as well as at Gloucester. As every sentence uttered by a name destined to be remembered to remote ages, for a human benefactor is worthy of record, I copy it from one transmitted at the time, to a friend in England, where it never before appeared. The address to Washington, merely complimentary, expressed thanks to God that He had given them for a ruler one so distinguished for his love of freedom, of free inquiry, and of universal peace and benevolence. Washington replied :—

"GENTLEMEN—I thank you cordially for the congratulations which you offer on my appointment

to the office I have the honour to hold in the Government of the United States.

“It gives me the most sensible pleasure to find, that in our nation, however different are the sentiments of citizens on religious doctrines, they generally concur in one thing, for those political professions and practices are almost universally friendly to the order and happiness of our civil institutions. I am also happy in finding this disposition ‘particularly’ evinced by your society. It is, moreover, my earnest desire that the members of every association or community throughout the United States may make such use of the auspicious years of peace, liberty, and free inquiry, with which they are now favoured, as they shall hereafter find occasion to rejoice for having done.

“With great satisfaction, I embrace this opportunity to express my acknowledgments for the interest my affectionate fellow-citizens have taken in my recovery from a late dangerous indisposition, and I assure you, gentlemen, that in mentioning my obligations for the effusions of your benevolent

wishes on my behalf, I feel animated with new zeal that my conduct may ever be worthy of your good opinion, as well such as shall, in every respect, best comport with the character of an intelligent and accountable being. (Signed) G. WASHINGTON."

The publication of this reply cannot be deemed superfluous. The glory that illumined the path of this great and virtuous man in life has only increased by the lapse of years. We have seen no ruler since, the lustre of whose glory, consul, king, or emperor, as it may be, who has a name that does not grow pale before the radiance that encircles that of Washington.

It was in 1793 that Mr Murray took up his residence at Boston. His correspondence with friends in England from that time until the common enemy of mankind put an end to the power of its continuance, never ceased. Those letters were remarkable specimens of warm-heartedness, of piety, and unbroken friendship. I cannot quote from them, for, as observed, they were returned to his friends on the other side of the Atlantic, who

thought of publishing them in the United States, where he is so universally respected. His church, for all places of worship are so denominated in America, and not those of papal origin alone, was called the "Universal Church" in Boston. There he officiated until 1809, a year or two before which his correspondence with my family had ceased. His departure to the world of spirits occurred in 1815. In the year before mentioned, or 1809, this original professor of the numerous religious body in America called Universalists was struck with paralysis; his limbs were reduced almost to helplessness, but he retained for six years the possession of his faculties, and did not expire until after an exacerbation of his complaint for a few hours, September 3, 1815. His later days were described as very touching, from the serenity of mind he displayed while under suffering. He had been a great reader of English authors upon all subjects, but ever fondest of the poets and historians. He continued to refer to, and repeat from them, to the last. He never changed one of the sentiments with which he commenced his career as a minister.

Not a feature of the doctrine he first advocated did he alter. After the attack he suffered so long he feared after all he might recover, and have to go through his suffering again. He expired at the age of seventy-five. He may be entitled to the name of the founder of "Universalism," or rather, as he termed it, of the doctrine of "Universal Redemption in America." I now regret that I transmitted the letters of this extraordinary man to the United States, when there was the expectation of their being published. He left three volumes of sermons, or sketches of sermons, behind him, but they are out of print.

Mr Murray married a second time. The lady's name was Sargent, I believe. She published a work in three volumes, called "The Gleaner," in which there were two dramatic pieces, but as literary works they show an ingenious lady-like mind, with sound views and virtuous principles, but no more. By this lady Mr Murray had one daughter, who married and resided in the Western States some hundred miles from Boston. Mrs Murray, in her widowhood, having set out on her way to visit her

daughter, was attacked by illness, and died upon the journey, a few years ago. I have nothing of her writings left but a little description of an American institution 'which she visited, and an account of some gardens, near Philadelphia. Her literary work, hearing it was out of print in America, I sent with her husband's correspondence collected here, that if his friends were inclined they might use them also for publication. Mr Murray was much attached to his wife, and pleased at her writings. The following description of an institution called Bethlehem he transmitted from her pen. The establishment it appears was Moravian, and from Philadelphia she wrote:—

"Bethlehem is in the State of Pennsylvania, situated fifty-four miles north of Philadelphia. It is a beautiful village, and without the smallest degree of enthusiasm may be pronounced a terrestrial paradise." The lady of the great American champion of the Universalists then proceeds:—

"It is true we do not wander through orange or citron groves, but nature hath shaped here the most enchanting walks. Embowering shades, mea-

dow, hill, and dale, strike the eye with an agreeable variety. Rivers pursue their glassy course, the margins of which are planted with the highly-perfumed locusts, cedars, and chestnuts, and a variety of fruit trees. Now the fructifying stream murmurs along in a direct line—now becomes indented, still ornamented with the richest foliage, and its meanderings present pleasing and romantic views. Upon an eminence in Bethlehem the whole cultivated scene is displayed before the observer. A chain of verdant hills encircles it, and the little Eden is embosomed in the midst.

“The town, with very few exceptions, is built of stone, and the dwellings large. The houses of the brethren as well as of the sisterhood, the asylum for widows, and the seminary for young ladies, are elevated and capacious, and there is an air of dignity and simplicity throughout. From one spring the inhabitants have the water conveyed to the places wanted by pipes. The town was originally colonised by Germans. All the various trades and arts are carried on there. The Germans still retain much of their national manners.

“ Their religion seems to be a system of benevolence, upon which their superstructure of morality is erected. I admired beyond expression their regularity in everything. The virgin choir derived all the advantages which the cloistered fair ones can boast, without involving the like restraints. I inquired of one of the sisters if it was in her power to quit her engagements. She replied, ‘ Our doors, madam, are always open, but once relinquishing this retreat, a re-entrance is very difficult.’ This circle of amiable women dwell together in perfect amity. Every one pursues her own talent, and the profits go into the common fund. Never did I see all kinds of needlework carried to higher perfection. Every flower which prolific nature produces is imitated so exactly as to render it only not impossible to designate them—I never saw them surpassed by any imported from Europe; and with the beauty, richness, and exquisite shading of their embroidery I was highly pleased.

“ The sisterhood consisted at that time of one hundred girls, who, after a night of such slumbers as health and innocence produce, assemble in an

elegant apartment, which is their chapel. This apartment is properly fitted up, and supplied with an organ and music-books. Here the female choir at early dawn, and closing evening, hymn the praises of God, and prostrate themselves as in His presence, the old offering up their petitions. All the sisterhood had their allotments, such as tutors, pupils, and superintendents.

“The males and females were allowed to contract matrimonial engagements, but they were bound to quit their former retirements, and might choose a spot in Bethlehem where they might commence housekeeping, and hold an intercourse with their former associates. This privilege is only granted to a Moravian. No others, though they may reside, can become freeholders there. The married are not separated, but live together much in the manner of the rest of the world. Only one inn is permitted in the town, but that is upon an extensive plan, and carefully regulated.

“The education at Bethlehem, for a very moderate consideration, consisted of the native language, French, German, reading, writing, composition, and

arithmetic. The accomplishments of painting and music were also taught, and great attention was paid to morals. Order and regularity were enforced. A bell aroused the inmates from sleep to dress, prayers, and then breakfast. Next commenced work, and amusements. Their morning and evening prayers were chanted with their guitars in a little consecrated chapel, into which no male ever entered. They rose at six, and at eight retired to rest. Lights were burned all night, and often the sound of music lulled them to repose.

“The school was divided into a number of apartments, each, according to its dimensions, containing its proper number of girls. Over each division was a tutoress, and over all these a superior. The lodging-room was on another story, well-ventilated. The dietary appeared wholesome, and was judiciously varied.

“Twice a-year the inmates passed a public examination, at which the reverend teacher of the society presided. On Sundays the whole were congregated, man, woman, and child, in the common chapel, which is neatly ornamented, and possesses a fine

organ, that is often accompanied with other instruments. The singing and music are fine, and constitute no small part of the Moravian form of worship. The service is performed alternately in English and German.

"The girls in the institution walk about under the care of the governesses, without whom they do not appear. The promenades are interesting and beautiful around the town, to which stages run regularly from Elizabeth Town, Lancaster, and Philadelphia."

Mrs Murray then described some of the scenes she "witnessed with the friends of the girls sent to the seminary for education, to which they got attached. She found that coercive measures were not adopted, that in general advice and gentle remonstrances were sufficient. If a child proved uncommonly refractory she was restored to her parents, and refused to be allowed to return. The name of a pupil who was less refractory had it recorded, with the nature of the offence, and, except in one case, no instance had been found where it was not effectual."

Mrs Murray thought if she had a daughter whom she could bring herself to resign for so long a term as from seven to fourteen years, she should place her there. She said that the most erroneous ideas had been formed of the establishment in other parts of the United States. They talked of girls being immured there like nuns. The opposite was the truth. Others had talked of the *mauvaise honte* of the girls educated there, because they were not as forward and assuming in the manners as those who had had the range of society. There was, it appears, no real ground for the complaint, and they had a sufficiency of society and great care of their morals in the institution. Dancing alone of all those called "accomplishments" was not taught there. Even uniformity of dress was not required, though all excess was avoided. White was generally preferred in the school as a colour for the dresses. A cap was worn as it was a thing which marked their order. It was of cambric, tied at the chin with a pink ribbon. It seemed becoming, and to add a charm to the countenance. It was worn by all in the institution, maid, wife, or widow. The

girls used the red or pink ribbon, the wives blue, and the widows white; and this bit of ribbon in a knot was the only ornament known in the establishment. They never put on mourning, as they judged the dead to be happy.

Mrs Murray added, that their manner of interring their dead was striking and not displeasing. As soon as the life had departed the body was clothed in white linen, and if a female bore the cap of the class to which she had belonged. The body was then carried to a small stone chapel used for the purpose, where it was placed upon a stand until the time of interment. One of the brethren then ascended to the top of the highest edifice commanding the whole village, and proclaimed the death through some kind of speaking-trumpet used for the purpose, describing the fact of the death, the sex, and connexions of the departed. When the time of the funeral approached, the brethren, sisterhood, and children were summoned to attend the service in the larger chapel. An exhortation was delivered, and singing with solemn music followed. The body was then borne from the chapel, and placed

upon a stand on a beautiful green, the males ranging themselves on the one side, and the females on the other. The body was then covered with a pall, snow white, ornamented with red, blue, or white ribbon, according to the character of the departed. An anthem was performed, and the body borne to the sepulchre, instruments of music accompanying, playing appropriate tunes, the whole village joining in the procession.

"We attended one of these funerals," said Mrs Murray, "and it gave a chastened and solemn kind of satisfaction. Some religious exercises were performed at the grave, which being in German I could not understand. Then followed a sacred concert of vocal and instrumental music, continued during the interment, and until the whole assemblage had moved off the ground. The ground is regular, spacious, level, and walled in. It is divided very exactly, and the males are placed on one side, and the females on the other. The graves are laid out with great regularity. The grave-stones were not raised, but consisted of a modest tablet, shaded by the grass."

Mrs Murray praised the decent propriety in bearing of the governesses, all was expressive. The French governess knew not a word of English. In fact, she was of a peculiar character as to her history, being of a noble French family, and having made one in the suite of the Princess Lovisa. She had been highly educated, and influenced by the example of her royal mistress, she took the veil. For twelve years she was an acquiescing sister, but possessing a superior mind and much information, doubts arose. She had been invested while in the cloister with certain dignities, and questioned those whom she supposed capable of giving her instruction about them, but she got no satisfaction. At length she effected her escape, and leaving her family, and forsaking her religious garb and name, she took that of Fontaine, a river over which she escaped into Holland. From thence she went into Germany, embraced the Moravian faith, and heard of the Bethlehem Society in the United States. With recommendations to the brethren there, she crossed the Atlantic, and had become the leading ornament of the establishment.

There was a Moravian establishment for boys about ten miles from Bethlehem, but Mrs Murray did not visit it. On the whole she was much pleased with what she saw and heard. She had a power of description, good but somewhat mannered.

Her husband often solicited the muse of poetry, but the specimens I had of his composition have repassed the Atlantic with his numerous letters, so much more valued by his friends ; there was not one of those whom he knew in England that at present survives.

This is no place for discussing points of religion or the doctrine of Universalism, in regard to which neither politicians nor mitred heads are proper parties as guides. Leaving the doctrine out of the question, the whole history of the Rev. John Murray is one of those singular chains of causes and consequences which we are apt to overlook in life because they do not present themselves prominently. There was great humility about the man, as well as singular firmness of purpose. It may be said that he hardly knew what fear was. He did not pretend to have founded any new creed ;

he only asserted that he promulgated the "true Christian doctrine." He alleged, in support of the side he took and the doctrine he preached, that it was consistent with divine goodness, and that it cleared up many difficulties that could be answered in no other way. His character was eminently philanthropic, and his views of Christianity, intending a reconciliation through a Mediator, were certainly more reasonable than any others, to that of God "bringing a lapsed world to Himself," to borrow of the renowned Franklin regarding his creed.

The persecution of Murray on his entrance upon public duties was not wonderful. Religious bitterness is much more intense than that of men of the world, and is for the most part bitter in proportion as the dogmas of the most worldly party in faith become more influential.

The followers of Mr Murray, who were at first thus contemned, are now among the best-informed people in the United States. They are said to be the greatest readers, having nineteen or twenty periodical works of their own issuing monthly, to nearly thirty thousand subscribers, and to three or

four times that number of readers. The Universalist Convention of the New England States alone is attended by fifty ministers and hundreds of lay delegates. In the other States similar conventions are organised, and the doctrine is largely embraced, despite the rage which the jealousy of other sects endeavoured to excite against it. All this has been the result of a sorrowing, solitude-seeking stranger for the loss of his wife, who, in 1770, was driven by accident into Cranberry Inlet, detained there by accident, preached in a ministerless chapel belonging to a rustic landowner, and from that incident proceeding still farther, became the first avowed Universalist minister in the United States, and thus obtained a lasting name.

True it is, that the opposition and abuse which met the first promulgation of his doctrine was nothing new. In matters not connected with religion, he who contravenes things called "established," no matter of what kind, is certain to be attacked by the advocate of things as they are, or by the ignorant, whose wisdom is that of the darker days of the past. That Murray did not deserve the coarse opposition

he met with too often at first was clear. His feelings are described as having been exceedingly acute, and his sympathies easily excited, so that he mourned deeply with those that mourned, and equally rejoiced with the joyous. In his conversation there was always interest, and often an innocent hilarity, which always secured him a welcome. In the pulpit he was animated, and often highly interesting, being absorbed in the subject of which he was speaking, and sometimes showing considerable excitement.

It is said that his influence has not been confined in America to the promulgation of his own views, but that it has had an effect upon other creeds and doctrines previously followed there, and has caused improvements and principles as yet not so openly acknowledged as they must be by the more liberal in their ideas of the Christian doctrine.

He was not himself inclined to bestow his labour upon any peculiar sect, for he regarded the interests of all. Some of his notions were peculiar, but on the whole genial and healing. To return to the man himself—he wrote poetry. I have seen one or

two pieces that were set to music, and sung in his chapel in Bennet Street, Boston, now rased to the ground.

I sent to the United States the two dramatic works of Mrs Murray, and have nothing of the authorship of either husband or wife that had been transmitted to England, except the letter of Mrs Murray's to a friend, descriptive of Gray's Gardens, in Pennsylvania, dated, I should imagine, about the time of her marriage. It is as follows :—

“Once more, my dear Maria, I hold the pen of familiar scribbling, to chat by it with a friend, who, I am persuaded by the consciousness of it which plays about my heart, is prepared with an indulgent candour to listen. I am indebted, on the score of friendship, for two letters, and proceed to discharge my arrears with superior pleasure. The thought is charming, borne away on the wing of excursive fancy, and you along with me, as the companion of a journey, the pleasures of which you have contributed to augment. Not a green bank, nor a shady grove, nor a glassy stream, can present itself, but

immediately, like a daughter of paradise in spotless white, I place your image, my dear Maria. In my imagination I clasp your dear form—that is, if imagination has arms, like flesh and blood—and the thought animates and colours the glowing scene around me. If my journal, transmitted for your perusal, help to brighten a solitary hour, which would else have passed in a mode melancholy enough, I shall think the moment that prompted my doing it particularly fortunate. The departure of my cousin P—— must have opened a fresh wound in the bosom of my friend. May He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand calm the waves, bring propitious gales, and crown his undertaking with success. I write by candle-light. I would not for the world be accessory to increase your sufferings. Dear is every line of yours to me, but I would not purchase the testimonies of your friendship at the smallest increase of that the aspect of which is sufficiently formidable.

“In my last, did I not promise a jaunt to Schuylkill Gardens? Well, then, my sweet attendant spirit, come along on the wings of fancy. Before

us is the road, over a beautiful level, groves and lawns on either hand—fields of grain and meadows delightfully variegating the scene. It is about four miles from Philadelphia, on the road to Maryland.

“To do justice to those delightful gardens is beyond my power. We first passed over a floating-bridge on the Schuylkill, upon the banks of which rises the pretty seat of Mr Hamilton. From the view at Gray’s Ferry we were induced to expect but little. The dwelling there promised nothing beyond a decent tavern. This, however, was only the house in which preparation for the guests is made. Ascending a flight of steps which appears on the right hand, and which with much labour is shaped out of the solid rock, we found ourselves on a winding gravel-walk, firm and well rolled. Beyond this, over a level of grass, a view of the banqueting-house unexpectedly broke upon the sight on the left. This is an elegant building of stone. In the centre and in front is a superb orchestra, supported by white columns, and decorated with a fine resemblance of the eminent Handel. The whole of the lower story is divided

into two rooms, the one a fine hall, the chimney-pieces of which are of American marble, highly-polished, and the room conveniently furnished. It is oblong in form. From the centre of the ceiling is suspended the identical civic crown which a Philadelphian youth produced, unexpectedly, over the head of our beloved President, when, on the before-mentioned bridge, he was upon his way to take his seat at the head of the government. It is now suspended over a figure representing a messenger from the celestial world. By a spacious staircase in the hall there is an access to the upper apartments. The other room on the ground-floor is called the Green Room, and is the receptacle for the exotics. It is lit by spacious windows, and heated by stoves in winter.

“Returning to the entrance, on the left of which is the stone building I have described, the right is fenced by white palisades upon a bank washed by the Schuylkill. Ascending some steps, we found ourselves directly before the door of a summer-house. In front there is a whole length of Washington, and Fame crowning him with laurel. Upon the right

again of this is a part of the garden devoted to exotics, full of orange and lemon trees. The almond fruit was already formed. I admired the pomegranate in full blossom, the aloes, thirty species of the geranium, and other plants. Seats were placed for resting in the shade. We next entered a wilderness, and crossed a Chinese bridge, coming to a delightful recess. Some of the views were romantic, the scene every moment changing. In different places were groves of pine, oak, chestnut, and mulberry, while borders of delightful flowers marked out the walks. The breeze came loaded with perfume. In one place an air of wilderness was given to the scene, and there the tall woods with their interlacing boughs variegated the landscape, and invited to contemplation. The river here and there flashed through the openings in the foliage.

“In one place the observer comes suddenly upon a plain, and a mill with a natural cascade, which terminates the view. In another place the little Federal temple meets the stranger’s eye, the same edifice that was borne along, when the constitution

was proclaimed, through the metropolitan streets.

The shape is that of a rotunda, with a cupola, supported by thirteen pillars, their bases will have the ciphers of the States, but these are not yet added, the apex is crowned with a figure of Plenty. The view from this temple is enchanting. The river, interjacent points of land, a stretch of the waters of the Delaware, and Philadelphia, are all seen here in a most interesting point of view. The view into the country, too, exhibits high cultivation. In order to give an accurate picture of this delightful scene, I should write you from the spot. My memory is not tenacious enough. I must add that the Federal ship, so called, is now moored in the Schuylkill, a well-constructed miniature, and no uninteresting addition to the scene.

“I could have passed days, even weeks, in these gardens. It would take a long time to give a brief detail of the beauties, they are so numerous. There are observed, almost at every turn, brass tablets on small pillars, requesting ladies and gentlemen not to injure the plants or pluck the flowers. The

whole of the garden, the flower as well as kitchen garden, covers about ten acres of ground. On Tuesday and Saturday evenings these gardens are lit up with two thousand five hundred lamps, and transparencies are exhibited. The arrangements of this nature are judiciously varied. The illumination of the cascade, the mill, and Federal ship, and a transparent picture of the President, upon the evening we passed there, had a fine effect, the whole closing with fireworks.

“The admittance to these gardens upon public days is by a ticket, for which three-sixteenths of a dollar are demanded. Whatever refreshments are required are brought, of which the variety is great. These are of course a separate expense from the entrance-money. The waiters were habited well, and bore themselves much as I am told they do in Europe. I have omitted to state that both vocal and instrumental music is always added to the other entertainments. Except on Tuesdays and Saturdays, any decent person may use the gardens as a promenade without cost.

“I fully enjoyed that terrestrial paradise. Much

well-dressed company was present ; and as I marked the different parties pursuing the various paths, as inclination led them, unconnected with, and inattentive to, the surrounding circles,—as I saw this, and as I listened to the sounds wafted from the orchestra, I almost fancied myself in the Elysian Fields. Amid those walks upon a divine morning, your friend, my dear Maria, with others, after taking a delicious breakfast at Gray's, of fruit and hyson, contemplatively wandered together. In these gardens, listening to the birds, or making comparisons between the pleasure we experienced there, and those derived from artificial lights and crowded rooms, one felt situated as it were in the bosom of nature.

“The Schuylkill Gardens have been called the American Vauxhall, and they are certainly a little Eden, for which nature has done nearly everything, and yet taste still improved upon nature.

“We visited Harrogate previous to seeing these gardens, but that will not admit of a comparison, though there are the medicinal springs and commodious bathing-houses, which will ever secure some attention to that place.

“Well, my dear friend, I can fancy you will think you have had enough of the scribbler. So adieu, my dear Maria, and continue to love me.”

Here I must close my account of this good and enlightened man, John Murray—he who first preached Universalism in the United States, and propagated a doctrine under which popes and prelates must find the terrors they use in supporting their own doctrines much shaken. That support for ages meant themselves, for a rule of threatenings in place of mercy aided their secular views.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

I WAS at Bath, and having wished to visit a part of South Wales which I had not seen—namely, the country about Chepstow, Piersfield, Tintern, and Ragland—I was setting off for the purpose about the time that a note reached me from Sir William Napier, whom I had before known, expressing a desire to see me. He resided at that time at Freshford, a few miles only from the city of Bladud and its hot waters. When I paid him the first call there, I observed it was at a house not more than a hundred yards, as I can well recollect, from one inhabited by a captain or admiral in the royal navy, an old officer of Nelson's in the battle of the Nile, if I recollect

rightly. I forget his name. He was far gone in years, but still active, and had taken a fancy to look after his garden himself, in the fruit-trees of which there could scarcely be said—my authority was Sir William Napier—that there was a bud too little or too much. I have observed in several instances in the course of my life how actively naval officers will often employ themselves, and how rationally, when in time of peace living upon half-pay. In this respect they offer a complete contrast to most army men in such a position. The latter generally lounge about idly, and fancy, or seem to do so, that to lend themselves to any active employment would wound their *amour-propre*. The gallant officer to whom I allude afterwards shot himself at a very advanced period of life through pure weariness of existence.

Sir William Napier, it is not generally known, was the son of that Lady Sarah Lennox with whom George III. was so deeply in love before and at the time he married Queen Charlotte. She was very beautiful,* and no doubt far better off than if she

* See some account of her in Jesse's "History of the Reign of George III.," vol. i.

had married an individual who was destined to be so severely afflicted, for which no station in life could have compensated.

I was walking down, or rather up the street, towards my own dwelling on the south side of Bath, when the note from Sir William was put into my hands. The subject was of no other moment than that it served as my introduction and first visit to the village of Freshford. I had never before seen it, nor was I aware until I visited him there that his amanuensis was Lady Napier, one of her sex endued with wonderful patience and perseverance, for she wrote his "History of the Peninsular" twice over, if not a great part of it oftener.

There was an openness and manliness about Sir William that at once won confidence. It was felt that he was a man of principle. He persevered at that time in walking all the way into Bath by the side of his wife or daughters, who rode. It was more than his strength justified him in doing from his state of health. We are all apt to imagine that what we can do in full health and the vigour of manhood, we can continue to perform, when the

inflexible law of all things mortal should, by means of our reason, convince us of the contrary. I know it became necessary afterwards that he should qualify his idea of keeping up his earlier habit of exercise with more attention to the reduced *vis vitæ* at his age and years, suffering so much from wounds as he did.

There was in his bearing an openness highly agreeable. His scorn of chicane was perceptible at a first acquaintance, and this was particularly observable when he entered into earnest conversation. It was easily discovered, too, that he was a Liberal in politics, and that he was regarded by the "serviles" in the army with a species of distaste, because he moved with the time, and lived not on the wisdom of his forefathers. There was a specimen of this, which was considered plain enough for the dullest to comprehend, in the treatment he received, and of which he complained, in the conduct of Sir George Murray, for example—a name not very well fitted to stand on a parallel with that of any of the Napiers, and of which one specimen shines so conspicuously in history for running away from the eastern coast

of Spain, and leaving his artillery behind him. The Duke of Wellington, with his loftier feeling—although little more than the soldier in other than professional matters—with that single-mindedness which distinguished him, when remarked upon by an officer of Sir George Murray's temperament, replied, in his honest and straightforward way, to the high-flier in his own ranks on thus expressing wonder the duke should lend his papers to such a radical as Colonel Napier showed himself, "He will tell the truth, and that is all I want." What a rebuke to one of a party that had subsisted politically by chicanery and shuffling for so long a term of years! Wellington disliked popular institutions, and was a thorough-going aristocrat, because he knew little out of his profession; but he was nobly honest. The exposure of the treatment of Sir William by some party-men, and among them by Sir George Murray, was shown up by Sir William, on contrasting his conduct with that of Sir Willoughby Gordon and the gallant duke himself. This may be seen in the *London and Westminster Review*, in Sir William Napier's reply to an article in the *Quarterly*—the place of

refuge at that time for all the outpourings of the bitter spirit of that party, which has now pretty well died of inanition or recantation, while its worthier existing supporters have lapsed into more moderate and tenable principles.

The note from Sir William that took me to Freshford, though it related to a case interesting to the public at that time, has long since ceased to be so. It was signed "William Napier, colonel." I have several of his letters among my papers, but they are either of no present interest, or their contents are of a nature which it would not be right to make public, as they relate in one case to certain local commissioners, who are all most probably by this time no more, and their doings forgotten; nor were the steps about to be taken in their regard a matter worthy of record, if stated so as to be comprehended, without the knowledge of local affairs as they then stood.

In one instance, however, in 1836, dated from Freshford, Sir William had to make an inquiry of me respecting an individual at that time somewhat notorious, as putting on a social character to which

he had no right and assuming the part of a gentleman in place of being an adventurer. It appeared that Sir William had very strong reason to complain of the party, and that he did so in no very measured terms was extremely probable. In reply, he got from the person an impudent answer, and resented it accordingly in terms well worthy the occasion and subject. With an insolence which could only have originated with the character to whom it owed its origin, and who hoped to establish a reputation he did not before possess by the act, he sent the colonel a challenge. Before the latter could reply, he wrote to me :—

“DEAR SIR,—I have had occasion to bring that person to book for ungentlemanly conduct towards me, and he demands the satisfaction of a gentleman. When I remember what you told me of his affair with Captain —, I have refused him until he clears his character. It is of course necessary on such occasions that I should be able to offer reasonable grounds for my refusal, and I should feel obliged to you to authorise me to say that Captain — did (as you informed me in summer) menace

him with a horsewhipping if he did not pay a certain promissory note.—I remain, dear sir," &c.

I sent my authority, and the colonel determined to give the personage in question a sound horsewhipping. Providing himself with the weapon accordingly, he went to every public place where he thought he might chance to meet him, but still "the better part of valour was discretion." The hero was not to be found to vindicate his dignity.

It was at Freshford that Sir William revised as well as wrote much of his History, about which he took incredible pains to be accurate, and not like laureate Southey, whose "History of the Peninsular War" the Duke of Wellington said would "do for the history of any other war." I confess that, not knowing a word upon the subject, except from the papers, but having been an observer of military evolutions at home and abroad, Southey's lapses in his history astonished me, as indeed did passages in his "Life of Nelson." It would seem as if the laureate had known nothing but from books, and had never seen ships of war or manœuvring by sea or land. The history by Sir William is

truly a magnificent work, worthy of the subject. I can, from having known the man, fancy his conscientious scruples upon any doubtful points, and the labour he would bestow in clearing them of any obscurities that arose in his mind about them.

To calculate the labour Sir William bestowed upon this work cannot now be known. It is every way worthy of the subject, and of the great soldier who directed it, and who honoured it with his approbation as to the military portion of its statements.

Sir William complained much of the spirit that had been displayed towards him by those officers who were unable to see anything but through the glass of party-spirit. In the army, I know not how it happens, but there is a feeling with too large a part of it which has no basis beyond self-consequence. It is not found in the naval service, nor in the officers of the ordnance. It would seem as if every young martinet took his colour and guided his steps by his colonel. I speak of affairs not military. Such appear to shun thinking for themselves about anything, and those who venture to do

so—I do not mean on matters of duty, but as members of society—are not liked by their brethren in general. The army is Tory, at least the majority, and it cannot tolerate differences of opinion or free inquiry. Hence it was that Sir William was viewed with jealousy or distaste by some of the order. In the allusion just made to Sir George Murray the spirit was clear. He displayed a very small mind, according to Sir William. He said that he was about to write an account of the war himself when he was solicited for some papers which the Duke of Wellington had desired the colonel to ask of Sir George, and for the “order of movements,” to save him, Napier, the trouble of working them out. Sir George pretended to know nothing of such documents—not he! In fact, the animus shown in relation to Sir William by this official was too plain to be mistaken. Sir George seems to have thrown obstacles in Sir William’s path. He exhibited a jealous character, utterly unworthy a responsible public servant. It was not out of character, perhaps, with many in the army, aristocratic and petted as it was, that such appearances should be

presented by those who held offices, but were often no further heard of. Still the world will think there must be some kind of merit due to those names in the ranks that survive the existing generation, in the pursuit of their profession, and have at least their celebrity to leave as a legacy to their posterity, in contrast to those who live and perish forgotten, "like summer flies."

Sir William, who was not a mere soldier, but had a philosophical mind, and was an advocate for a free constitution, or those improvements in the constitution which he did not live to see carried out, while still every inch a soldier and a citizen, was an advocate for a different system from that which makes men mere machines, fighting "under the cold shade of the aristocracy," to adopt his own words.

I know not when Sir William quitted Freshford, for I had left the west, and after the lapse of a few months quitted town for Staffordshire. While there, I heard that Marshal Soult was in England, and that among those British officers who had shown him particular attention was Sir William Napier

There was a lonely churchyard in the country, about a mile and a half from where I resided. I had gone wandering there to look at the church, and read inscriptions on the tombstones, for I could never walk out merely for exercise, destitute of an object. I was mortified on my return home to find that Sir William Napier and Marshal Soult had been inspecting some extensive iron-works not far from where I lived, and that he had sent to say he had arrived in Wolverhampton, and should be glad to see me. Sir William and the Marshal remained but a few hours afterwards, and then went on to visit the Menai Straits and Bridge. I had seen Soult on the parades upon the Continent in the Place Carousel at the back of the Tuileries in Paris, but only when on duty with the royal staff. I regretted much not having been introduced to him.

During our broken conversations I can recall little or nothing peculiar but a few generalities. I could not visit the little Somersetshire village again without recalling to mind the able officer and his History. The latter is destined to be read for

ages to come as the historian, when as the soldier he is forgotten, since very few names, save of great commanders, exist either for glory or disgrace. Sir William will inherit his well-earned fame, and the glory of Wellington be in his hand for transmission and remembrance, as doing him the justice he merited. Nor could cotemporary envy, political or otherwise, affect the well-grounded renown of the Peninsular historian. Literature is the only permanent vehicle of fame, though not the most glittering. So true is Horace in his ode beginning, "*Vixère fortes ante Agamemnona.*" The miserable jealousy of Sir William's labours by inferior officers will pass with its holders into the gulf of oblivion. Time justifies its more honourable children.

Attacks were made, and more distaste shown to Sir William and his work than are above alluded to, because he was asserted to be incorrect in some of the views he took of things in the Peninsula. He was charged with underrating the power of the Spaniards to resist the French. He showed that the Spaniards, while in many cases they exhibited the noblest qualities of fortitude and persevering

resistance individually, were incapable of combined action against the French, and alone would have had no chance against them; nor perhaps, even as it was, had the main strength of France not been at a vast distance away in Russia, and only a portion of its force been brought to bear against Spain. The strength of France was divided. Spain was aided by England. She was the fag-end of the old European aristocracy, and supported by the whole strength of that of England. But it was all in vain. The triumph of that aristocracy for a moment under the Bourbons, the work of more than a score of years, was converted into permanent discomfiture and disgrace in the Three Days of Paris. Spain, derided now, shows her people to be the most ignorant and priest-ridden in Europe. But her turn will come. In the History of Sir William Napier it was the mere arena of a bull-fight. The show had ended, only to be repeated before long by the Spaniards themselves.

It was something to have written the first worthy military narrative in England, that it is not the work of a Southey or Scott, who would have dis-

figured it by party feeling and want of knowledge in military affairs, but of an accomplished soldier upon his own art; and that it has at once taken a place—one of the loftiest among the military histories of the world—is a lasting memorial, the most lasting of any connected with a name not solitary in renown.

The conjecture I have before ventured regarding the character of the Duke of Wellington out of his profession, seems to be confirmed by the observations of Sir William in his regard. He had gone early into the army, and been brought up in its peculiar habits, duties, and modes of thinking. Those of early life are in general permanent where the primary pursuit admits of little freedom of action, and establishes particular modes of thinking, narrow and exclusive, which in future life affect action, and render changes of opinion difficult. The military life is of all others the most arbitrary, with the least possible admission of free action. By the time a man becomes a leader, after a long period of subordination without the exercise of the will, he is thoroughly habituated to dependence in

word or thought. His absolute obedience is necessary in his duties; he cannot separate from them free thought and action in what does not clash with them. The mind, except where it is of a superior mould, cannot move but on one habitual line; and the needful obedience of the soldier renders the mode of free thinking and the independence of the one too often a stumbling-block to the other. The soldier cannot be brought to believe that his duties are constitutionally confined to protect the interests and security of the citizen, and no more, in a free land. The idea wounds his vain-glory, and he neglects at the outset in life to make himself acquainted with his subordination to the citizen. Hence he often assumes an air of superiority not becoming, for his daily task is but a repetition of the same thing. I speak not here of the scientific part of the army—the artillery and engineers—educated, reading and thinking men, but of the majority, mere unlettered soldiers, who believe the world is to owe obedience to their narrow notions and habitually-stinted views of everything unprofessional, where their duties are mechanical with all

but a very few superior minds, which can take an enlarged view of things in their own profession and out of it, if they are at the pains to study either or both, or anything but parade manœuvres.

I have observed, from what I myself saw of the Duke of Wellington, that his superior mind in his profession, having been directed to it from early youth, embraced little else, because he had studied nothing besides—not for want of capacity, but it was out of his line; hence his overweening regard for aristocratic rule and dislike of free principles. His inclinations were with those whose influence in times past can never be renewed, but who were of his earlier connexions. It was natural. The spread of education, and the habit of reflection with the many—for after all the power is with the people—will never suffer some things to override society as they have done. A study of the reign of George III., and of events in the time which has since elapsed, will prove this to be correct. Men discerning their rights will dare to maintain them. Sir William Napier has rightly shown this to be the principle that is becoming all-prevalent. He has shown how

much Wellington disliked the free government of Spain, and that dislike will be injurious to his name with posterity, while giving his aid, not for freedom, but to restore the miserable despot, Ferdinand, to the throne he dishonoured. The aristocratic domination is everywhere falling to pieces, and in England only a section of the old Tory Government men has held out against more enlightened principles than of old, as may be seen in the Earl of Derby and no small number of his friends, who perceiving the signs of the times, at length acted in obedience to them. The Duke of Wellington so continually contradicted himself when he got out of his military line of duty that it excited wonder. Yet it was not really wonderful. The Duke was a master of his own art, but the old adage, however great his ability, applied to him as well as to humbler individuals of the social body—That it was unwise to travel out of his own line of road before he explored and understood the direction of the new.

These observations are little different from those of Sir William. I have recorded the fact of the surprise at the want of curiosity in the Duke on the

trial of the steam-gun. Again at his contradictions about taking office. Straightforward where he saw his way, his views were very limited out of his profession, where his vision was not clear.

Sir William Napier observed that Wellington, with the ultra-Tory Government of 1813, showed his distaste for "all" popular institutions. He was inimical to the Cortez in Spain, because it established a free press, and would not yield the supremacy in everything to property. The Duke could not perceive that power in a state belongs to all ranks in certain degrees, and that the changes operated by progress cannot be stayed.

The foregoing ideas of the gallant historian and soldier must have their due value. Napier had read and studied history as well as his profession. It is probable, with all the practical character, energy, and firmness of the Duke, the study of booklore, of Polybius or Cæsar, was not within the limits of his profession considered by him more than an old almanac. He was evidently practical. He taught himself. His firmness, his foresight, his perfect knowledge of the peculiar qualities of the

English soldier in addition were the great secrets of his successes.

Sir William Napier was a Liberal in the full sense of the word. He exhibited no shuffling. He took his stand upon principle, upon the rights of man, upon the lessons of history read straightforward—not upside down, as divines often read the doctrines they eschew, when in place of controverting them, at least when they cannot do so, they pervert them.

Sir William was for raising the poorer classes into political importance. His words were, that “after many years of darkness, the light of reason was breaking forth again, and the ancient principle of justice, which placed the right of man in himself above the right of property, was beginning to be understood. A clear perception of this had produced the great and powerful American republic. Other nations were admitting it, and England was fast ripening for its adoption.” Sir William did not live to see the Earl of Derby convinced of the foregoing necessity, and aiding it in the bill for household suffrage. It was honourable,

it was the safe step. Those of exclusive and time-worn principles should remember Montesquieu's words—"The people is a giant that knows not its own strength."

REV. BLANCO WHITE.

I CANNOT remember who it was that introduced me to Mr White, or more correctly to M. Blanco, he having adopted the name of "White," which is merely the translation of his Spanish name Blanco, but I remember that I called upon him for some purpose, the object of which I have forgotten. He resided in lodgings at Chelsea. I found him pale, almost sickly-looking, dressed in black, with much of the character of a Roman Catholic priest. He spoke English well, telling me he had persevered in thinking in that language in place of his own Spanish tongue for the space of several years.

There was a character of unhappiness, if not querulousness, depicted in his countenance, and he had much of the peculiar bearing which is characteristic of his countrymen,—that gravity which we attach unconsciously to the hero of Cervantes's immortal satire. I may be mistaken, but, if I recollect aright, he said his mother was an Englishwoman.

We soon got into conversation, and I found him, notwithstanding his sedateness, a well-informed, agreeable man, who seemed to retain his gravity even when relating a fact that was not destitute of humour. That he was not a happy man might be learned from a very short acquaintance, but it was not from himself that I learned the cause of that appearance and peculiar manner which distinguished him.* There is no impress so marked upon the bearing and the countenance of an individual as that which is traceable to a religious cause, and an unsettled feeling in matters of faith. In fact, religion, in one form or another, was the

* See also "Recollections," vol. ii., edit. 2, page 213, for an anecdote about Mr White.

burthen of his conversation when he had acquired, as he imagined, the confidence of another person—that religion which seemed to Mr White a source of continual and painful thought. It appeared as if while convinced of the errors of his own faith, or rather that which had been his own, he was still reluctant to own that he was so. It seemed as if he were still in Doubting Castle, and yet wanted to have it known and credited that he had been long without the walls of the airy fortress of honest old John Bunyan.

I had called upon M. Blanco with a note of introduction, which having delivered, and being read, we at once became unreserved in conversation. He spoke with deliberation, and we had a jest or two about the value his countrymen set upon blue-blood, or what the barbarians of the north call “descent” pure and undefiled. The origin of this fancy had no doubt been traced to Moses. The Romans reckoned certain names and families in relationship illustrious, but they do not seem to have fallen into the blunder of illustrious blood, in the barbarian mode of the north, carrying

virtue for a score or two of generations. Nobility in Spain was a different honour from that in the north of Europe, and depended upon other grounds.

Mr White seemed to lament over the fallen state of his country, to have seen where the real causes of it lay, and to have despaired of a change for the better. There were obstacles time could hardly overcome, at least while the influence of the priest remained, and the higher classes of the people were so drenched in superstition. Pride, dignity, under the meanest circumstances, and great ignorance, with the influence of priestcraft, were obstacles which made him despair of seeing a beneficial change, let him live as long as he might.

Rank and its empty honours were matters of the first importance in Spain. A thief, if a noble, must be executed with ceremonies becoming what Earl Grey called "the order;" he must be strangled with a silken rope, such was the ultimate honour paid to that mystic institution—mystic at least as far as regards reason and good sense in respect to the honour conferred.

There always appeared to be something upon the

mind of this truly estimable man, some scruple of conscience, for example, which I attributed to doubts and fears acting upon a nervous temperament owing to his religious unfixedness. Having been bred a Roman Catholic, he had thrown off the shackles of that faith, and yet it seemed as if its convictions still haunted him. The prejudices of early education are rarely overcome, however reason and good sense may desire to vindicate themselves and those who trust to them.

I have often thought that in the descriptions of the effect of the Roman creed, where it is professed by different nations, a distinction is not drawn between an extravagance of superstition and the simple Roman Catholic worship. The grossness of the ceremonies and usages among the populace in Andalusia would provoke a smile in France. A strict Roman Catholic family in Ireland, and one in England, although the belief and worship are the same, still exhibit great differences. This will naturally depend on the greater progress of knowledge in one Roman Catholic country than another. A most excellent man of the Catholic Church

admitted this difference in conversation with myself one day, and attributed it to the larger intercourse with the world, and the more enlarged views of things in general that the Roman Catholics of one country, from manners, information, and the like, exhibited in a way superior to those of the same creed elsewhere. A friend of mine, a Roman Catholic priest, who had refused a bishopric to remain at the head of a college, said, in reply to an observation I made to the foregoing effect, "Are not some of you Protestants more liberal and more bigoted than others? You move onward with the time. Do you suppose that we do not exhibit the same thing, where accident has given the opportunity? Will not the same difference exist with us as with you in this respect? You will not compare Catholicism in France or England with Catholicism in Spain, and yet the great leading principles are the same with both. You have your strict and ceremonious High Church, and one the reverse, which you denominate in an opposite manner."

The letters, which were published by this singular

man, under a fictitious name, all went through my hands before they saw the light. They were afterwards collected and published together, undergoing a few alterations. They laid bare the fearful system of intellectual prostration practised in Spain, and the care of the Church there to keep the people in intellectual darkness. Why the clergy should thus act could only be from a selfish fear on their own account. It prevailed not long ago in the English Church. Those who are old enough to remember the introduction of the system of Lancaster for teaching, the opposition it encountered, mostly from the clergy, the impossibility of its being prevented by them, then the effort to bring about a sort of balance to Lancaster, who was too liberal, by patronising one Bell as the orthodox teacher in opposition to him who led the way, will easily perceive how, in a land where no contravention is permitted to the absolute creed, the spread of knowledge is impeded by a Church which rules the civil power.

The consequence of such a state of things Mr White himself exemplified. Those amongst them

who dared not speak the truths they felt, and in whom a spirit of inquiry arose, practised dissimulation. Compression forced them to read and think in secret, and sometimes drove them to despondency. It is probable that the "Tracts" he published, "connected with the intellectual and moral character of a Spanish clergyman," related to himself; but he did not say as much. There is not a more striking lesson, a more instructive picture of the state of religion, its abuse, and despotism, than he related in his published letters. The Roman Catholic High Church doings afford a painful picture of the misery and vice inflicted by absolute obedience to its priesthood in the Peninsula, where civil liberty is still so shackled by monkery and the terrors of its influence. Thus a fine country and people remain insulated from the rest of Europe, and it may be said almost excluded from the family even of other Catholic nations. The other states of Europe now make no account of the sentiments or influence of a country once so powerful. Those who wish to comprehend the cause of this singularity should pick up a copy of the "Letters of Doblado," which were

published some years ago, while the author was alive.

There was a settled melancholy over his pallid countenance, more than "the pale cast of thought" could have caused. His spirit was never at rest, from his swaying between doubts of one kind and another that continually crossed his mind and prevented a state of mental repose. He had at times struggled with unbelief. He alluded with reprobation to the Catholic, and to all clergy who took up as a profession, out of ambition, that which should be an act of piety from conviction. He deprecated the use of it as a trade—a charge equally objectionable against the Church of England, in which at times men in the army, having run through their property, enter into orders with no moral change of character. It is true, according to some of the divines, so called, of the English Church, as soon as a child is christened it is regenerated and holy, and of course fit for the duties of a clergyman to instruct others in holiness, whose moral characters may be a hundred times better than their own instructors. In the Catholic Church in Spain it would appear

that this system of entering the Church is not so glaringly carried out. The Roman Catholic clergy are men educated strictly for the service from childhood ; and thus penetrated with a due sense of the weight of his duties, the priest sets out with a feeling of what is consistent. He may discover, in process of time, and by the aid of reflections that force themselves upon a straightforward mind, that all is not right, that the forms and ceremonies, and the opinions he has embraced, or is supposed to do, are not from any conviction of the truth of what he had taught, through a conscientious belief of its rectitude. This naturally engenders doubts, and the same evil exists through another channel. Such begin to look into traditionary doctrines and their sources, and finding them not the simple principles of the early faith without forms and ceremonies, as taught by Christ, find their doubts increase, causing secret inquiry yet further, and that being completely adverse to what they have been accustomed to hear, and were made to credit, they became unbelievers in secret, and openly supporters of

a faith of which a large body of those who teach it do not themselves credit a syllable. Nothing can be more abhorrent to an upright mind than the conviction that it has been thus misled, while still obliged to carry on the appearance and perform duties, supposed to be conscientiously done, in which it has no trust or belief. He asserted that unbelief existed to a great extent in Spain among the clergy, who performed mass, many of them with hearts at open war with the ceremony. Verily this extent of odious double-dealing, not in the Catholic Church alone, is fearful to honourable minds out of the pale. Priests who are of more elastic consciences than other men, may have the power to reconcile such inconsistencies and double-dealings with a peculiar morality, to say nothing of religious obligations, but the chosen few have it not. White had, when in Spain, a nook for the concealment of prohibited books, like many others of the young Spanish clergymen. What a horrible picture does this kind of duplicity exhibit, where the discrepancy regards the belief and supposes a scrupulous belief of it!

In our own Church the temptation of fat livings tempts the unprepared spirit to a kindred hypocrisy but too frequently.

In his Doblado Letters he exhibited the system thus pursued, and the influence exerted by the Church in Spain, to which reference can be made by the curious. He thus unfolded a state of mind that was truly miserable under a mask. He was naturally of a gloomy temperament. He could not credit all the rubbish of the doctors and fathers which compose what has been called "the Church" from the time of Constantine the Great, with their inconsistencies innumerable, their ceremonials, and lack of heart-faith. When he became antipapal, and inclined to the Protestant Church, he was made much of in England; but in a little time poor White was discovered not to be exactly orthodox in Protestant High Church views, and he grew out of favour accordingly. There seems a most unaccountable difference between the creed in the New Testament and that of our self-styled Christians, who all declare it is their guide, and yet no two can agree about what is so plain that truly, as it expresses,

no "wayfaring man can err" in regard to its principles. The truth is, that each wants to accommodate things to his own traditions or circumstances. Every Established Church looks to its own interests in the first place. White certainly effected good in laying open the state of religion, and its effects in Spain, its wariness, and the immoral results which a system so formed must produce. Women particularly should read his description of the mode in which they are treated there,—the efforts to stifle all that is rational, and to subjugate the mind to priestcraft. The attempt has been too successful, as Spain shows to this hour. Even Italy, the seat of the papacy, is comparatively free of the evil to the extent it exists as in the Peninsula. The influence of priestcraft on the civil government is a lesson to all nations, to all in England who can read the journals. Spain is insulated by her Church influence from the rest of Europe. She is deficient in almost every requirement for a great nation, to render it strong, and to make it respected—not by nature, but by her Church institutions. She can never become one of the great European family until she

overturns the power of the Church, or restrains it within a proper limit, and treats monkery as it has been treated in all other nations that we denominate the "more civilised."

In a country where the satire of Beaumarchais is literal, both in regard to the freedom of speaking and writing or publishing, there can be nothing but disgrace, religious and political. "Freedom is an established thing in Madrid in the sale of goods, and even in that of the productions of the press. Provided that writers do not speak of the authorities, nor of religion, nor of politics, nor morals, nor men in office, nor of respectable persons, nor of the opera, nor of the theatres, nor of people who hold any particular opinion, they may print everything they please freely, only under the inspection of two or three censors!"

It was a never-fading wreath of glory round the brow of the First Napoleon, that he declared religious freedom at home and abroad. The Inquisition in Spain owed its exposure to him, its partial restoration to England. Subsequently, as a consequence of the French invasion, we got the "His-

tory of the Inquisition" by Llorente, who exposed to the world the archives of the Holy Office. It was from them that White completed a view of the sad story of Prince Carlos of Spain, to which Llorente had made an allusion, but of which he found no documents in the Holy Office. He endeavoured to invalidate much of the romance in which that history was clothed.* White was of opinion that the story derived its interest most from the odious character of the prince's father, and he would fain lower the sympathy felt for the son without lessening the baseness of the parent, who was one of the most atrocious of royal villains. White, indeed, did not extenuate the father, but he did not seem to think the son so amiable a character as writers in general were of opinion he had been. He thought the unfortunate youth was wayward, perhaps spoiled in temper by the odious treatment he received from that father, which drove him almost to insanity, or to fits of ill humour bordering upon it. He was an enemy also to the king's favourite, the notorious Duke of Alva, whose crimes are so

* See Beaumont's "Spain," p. 270, and sequel.

prominently recorded in history. Mr White assured me, that what Llorente had stated in regard to the case was merely negative evidence, as nothing had been found in the archives of the Inquisition which bore at all upon the prince's case. The truth was, that the cowardly treachery and barbarism of Phillip prompted him to torment his son in matters that it was clear were only excuses for his own barbarity. In fact, the father took every course to exacerbate the son's temper by means the most unworthy, and thus to make his son's reaction an excuse for his own barbarities.

Mr White was of opinion, that the treatment the son experienced was the only cause of his capricious conduct, and quoted documents and related circumstances to support his opinion. The creatures of Phillip everywhere, there was no doubt, had made it a charge against the prince that he intended to take his father's life. Many curious circumstances he related as connected with the crime of which Phillip was fully capable, as well as the reports he published himself, charging his son with a design upon his stepmother. There was no evidence of

anything of the kind. Phillip was accused of murdering that stepmother a few months after he had destroyed his son, and he did it in order to marry his niece, Anne of Austria. Both the subsequent wives of Phillip had been the destined brides of the son he destroyed !

Carlos had made attempts to escape his father's cruelty, and fly into Germany. His marriage with Anne of Austria his father thwarted. He endeavoured to borrow money to escape, but the poor prince was betrayed by his bastard uncle, Don John of Austria, who, while betraying him, swore to his own fidelity. The prince now began to suspect his uncle. He questioned him, found him a traitor, and drew his sword, but Don John was saved by the servants he called to his assistance. At night the king and guards entered his son's room, having secretly deranged the fastenings of the door. The next day the king issued an order for a secret trial of the prince, having seized all his papers. The odious parent then gave instructions for his son's treatment. Six noblemen, his own creatures, were to watch the prince day and night by turns. To

suffer any communication with him was made treason. All observations about him and allusions to him were forbidden. For six months before his death, no one but a known personal enemy was permitted to see him, except a physician in the presence of that enemy.

The prince attempted suicide in vain. The tyrant father viewed such acts with complacency, though taking place during the son's tedious trial. The judges, of course, condemned the prince to death. He languished some time, and, by the aid of certain medicines, expired in the father's presence. The latter having made the sign of the cross before his son, conceived him sure of heaven by the ceremony. The prince had a splendid funeral, and the monster of a father was ready for fresh crimes, for all of which he had a salvo in absolution.

Mr White was thus well read in the history of his country, and fond more particularly of what may be called anecdotal history, of which he had a considerable store. A Spanish historical fragment, entitled "Peranzules," may be remembered from his pen. Peranzules flourished at nearly the

same time as the Cid. The story is to be found in Mariana's "History of Spain," book x. The incident took place in the reign of Alphonso VI., and was grounded on the manners and feelings prevalent at the time. It was a point involving Christian honour, and related to that species of usage which prevailed, to borrow from Mr Burke in his ravings in behalf of despotism, "in the age of chivalry," or, more correctly, of barbarism, a little flavoured with the romantic.

It did not turn out that Mr White was remarkably happy under the Protestant faith. No long time after he embraced the creed of the Church of England, he found that there was much in it which approached so near to the faith in which he had been educated, that he began to have apprehension that he was going back into the old track which he had so strongly vituperated. In fact, it would appear that he found it difficult to remain quiet under the doubts which arose in his mind upon the subject, and involved what may be called religious niceties, about which those who only follow religion "as a trade" do not much trouble themselves.

That he was a man of a singular, bodily as well as mental, constitution, cannot be doubted. He was dissatisfied and querulous. He was never made to be perfectly contented with anything, so at least I fancied. He had frequent misgivings on matters of faith, and knew not how to quell them. He thought more sometimes of little points in argument than they were worth, and when he could not come to a decision about them, he was unhappy; in short, he was an amiable good man, with a conscience too tender for a day of new-born principles and time-worn scruples continually at "feats of arms" together.

Mr White died at Liverpool, 1841, having embraced the unitarian system of faith. He had been before complimented with the degree of M.A. from Oxford, a thing somewhat *mal à propos* with his later tenets.

GENERAL PEPE.

THE Congress of Laybach assembled in 1821, with no friendly intention towards the people in any European state. Naples had shown symptoms of a desire to enlarge the bounds of civil freedom and popular influence in her government. No more was needed to arouse Austrian jealousy, that country then so domineering, now so humbled. "Babylon the great has fallen!" None pity her, while they regret it was achieved by means disgraceful and unprincipled. She had ever held herself ready to interfere in behalf of a plenitude of despotism, particularly in Italy, on which she had

so long kept her attention fixed for sinister purposes. Conferences had been held at Troppau and elsewhere, and finally at Laybach, to arrange plans in favour of European despotism, and to come to an agreement for the suppression of popular power everywhere. At that very moment Austria was quite ready to march wherever the flag of national independence or freedom might be unfurled; and the dungeons of Spielberg were open for every friend of freedom that despotic power could reach with its long and potent arms, now palsied. The ruler of Austria intimated to the sovereign of Naples that he should allow no change in his dominions, no popular influences in the government. The sovereigns banded with him would treat with sovereigns alone. The king had agreed with his people to nine bases for a free constitution, scarce one of which was not in force in England, yet did the English Government entrap the King of Naples into being present at the Laybach Congress, no doubt to secure his person, and make him reverse the concessions he had made to his people. Austria was ready to march. In the meantime the

Neapolitans prepared to resist the troops of the Holy Alliance, which only waited the order to attack them, and seize Naples. By the abduction of the king in an English ship of war, he was removed from his capital, and got his instructions personally from the Alliance. The improvements to which he had consented were to be abrogated, and the Austrians to march upon the city. They soon began to erect gibbets for those who had committed no crime but the desire to ameliorate the rule in their own country. It was on this occasion, when the Neapolitans surrendered to Austrian despotism, that General Pepe addressed the army of his country, and rebuked both for their disgraceful submission, concluding by telling them that "the opportunity for freedom was gone, and that he was almost ashamed to call them his countrymen." At the conclusion of a spirited address, he said that, with regard to himself being an exile was nothing. "I am content to suffer, and would gladly suffer much more, could I benefit the land in which I was born. I have done my duty, and that alone is the consolation left me."

The General then embarked for Spain, and the troops of the Holy Alliance occupied Naples, and in fact all Italy, with the view of suppressing every trace of freedom, and establishing despotism in plenitude. From Spain Pepe reached England, where I was introduced to him. I continued to keep up an intercourse while he was here, as well as afterwards in Paris, where he domiciled himself. No man could have felt more than the General for the fate of his country. His feelings upon the occasion were indeed acute, and could not but do honour to him as a man and a patriot. He made many friends in England, but, as most foreigners do, from the little regard or attention shown here to those who are not people of aristocratic habits and bearing, or who do not come purse-recommended, the interchange with the noblest-spirited foreigner and friend of freedom is avoided. The higher ranks, with a very few exceptions, shun all who are not in court favour in their native land, utterly disregarding the cause. A court cannot err. In France, the man and not his circumstances are considered. Hence Paris was always

found the most pleasant residence for the man of genius, or the patriot expelled by tyranny from his native soil, even when not itself free.

It was in 1821, or the following year, that I became acquainted with General Pepe, thus driven to this country by the Austrians. He had welcomed the reforms and amnesty proclaimed by Pope Pius, and after them it was not likely that existing political abuses could be continued. Tuscany and Piedmont followed the example set them, but the wretched Bourbon at Naples declared he would keep to the "wisdom of his ancestors," and, it may be added, to the abuses of the existing laws, the ignorance and corruption of functionaries, and the employment of torture. In Calabria the rule of the King Ferdinand was abolished, and a constitution proclaimed. It was in vain—even the pope's example went for nothing. Orders were given by the king to bombard and lay waste every place that resisted his orders. A reign of terror was established, and large rewards offered for suspected citizens alive or dead. Even youths of eighteen years of age were put to death, and the royal agents

saturated themselves with the blood of the noblest and most generous youths, cutting off their heads and fixing them upon poles. The example of Pope Pius, in his wise and voluntary concessions, had it been carried out in the other parts of the Peninsula, would have established peace and order, followed as it was by the Duke of Tuscany and Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. But Ferdinand II. of Naples would relax in nothing. He was heart and soul with the Holy Alliance, but then in southern Calabria an absolute government had been denounced. In Messina the same, but both were put down with enormities and murders that at last roused the Neapolitans. In the meantime, the people of Palermo and Messina demanded free institutions. They were refused, and a conflict ensued, Ferdinand sending some thousand troops to Sicily to resist the demand. They were met by the islanders with great gallantry, and forced to re-embark. This success aroused the Neapolitans, and ten thousand men flew to arms and demanded a free constitution. A true Bourbon in obstinacy, the king refused, and

attempted to put down those who had arisen against the existing order of things. But, in the end, the people obliged the king to resign his absolute power, and to accept a constitution. A constitutional ministry was formed, and Francisco Bozzelli employed to draw up a constitution, assisted by several other qualified persons. The confidence of the people in Bozzelli was very great. So far in life he had acted well, and had borne the most honourable character. He had written several works upon constitutional law, and had before become an exile, had been imprisoned, and led an unstained life. He followed the profession of an advocate. It was during that exile that we became acquainted.

The restoration of Ferdinand by the Austrians, the operations in the field, and the exile of many of the best Neapolitans followed. Austria held Italy in chains from that time. Despotism's grim smile, that blight of nations, welcomed the favourite Croats and Pandours despatched by the Holy Alliance to Naples, and General Pepe, after efforts which were unavailing from the character of the

troops he commanded, went to Spain an exile. Bozzelli followed him, and numbers of the first men in the kingdom quitted their country.

It was about the above year, or in 1822, that he landed in England from Spain, in company with one of the most gallant men I ever knew, Vincente Pisa, who died governor of Attica, in Greece. I was introduced to the General, and we became intimate. He had lodgings in Park Street, and through him it was that I knew Bozzelli. Both had made acquaintances in London, but, like Prince Czartoriski, he preferred a residence in Paris, where the manners of high and low, if not really more sincere, are at least far more considerate and cordial. The General had a small circle of acquaintance of both sexes in London, and met many of his countrymen here, exiles like himself. With all these he had the reputation of a brave and virtuous man. While he resided in Paris I often heard from him through Bozzelli. I had not more than one or two notes from himself, Bozzelli generally sending all he had to say, which included little more than remembrances.

An amnesty, proclaimed in Naples, permitted General Pepe to return after twenty-six years of absence. Bozzelli had returned before, under a former grant which excluded the General. Bozzelli was imprisoned in 1844 on suspicion for some time; at last suffered to go free, painful to state, he allowed himself to be seduced by the king. He set himself against the great work, now nearly perfected, of Italian nationality, and was flattered by the court into its support and the wary views of Ferdinand in his newly-affected reforms.

Some persons pretend that they can judge a man's character by his handwriting. The notes or letters I possess of Bozzelli, written in Paris, are remarkably neat and plain, but I fancy they almost speak his profession, so clear and laboured, so precise and carefully weighed, with none of the inspiration of genius. In 1847-8, when the people struggled in vain for constitutional governments, the Neapolitans entrusted to Bozzelli the draft of a constitution. General Pepe, who has left a narrative of that time in his own life, stated that while Bozzelli conferred the rights desirable, he enacted

no laws to secure them in their exercise. Such as it was, however, Bozzelli gave to Italy in 1849 the example of a constitutional government in that of Naples.

General Pepe was at last allowed to return after an absence of twenty-seven years. This was probably caused by the change of France to a republic, by the fall of Louis Philippe. He soon left his numerous friends in Paris, and I heard no more directly from him. How should I, when he so soon became involved in active military service !

Bozzelli, notwithstanding his holding by the court, had taken care to secure an amnesty for all the proscribed, although Pepe's brother had his doubts whether the General would be safe. He returned accordingly by way of Genoa, which he had not seen for a long time, indeed not since he joined the Italian legion, and fought in the glorious day of Marengo on the side of France. At Genoa he heard of the expulsion of the Austrians from Milan, and the revolution at Venice. These risings Austria resisted by unheard-of brutalities. They even tore down the pontifical flag, because the pope

had conceded privileges to that people. Lombardy was overrun by the Croats, Pandours, and semi-savage tribes of Austria. The people of Lombardy grew outrageous for revenge. The old brute, Radetsky, was let loose upon them with his many-coloured legions, some scarce out of the savage state. Radetsky then published one of those pompous proclamations which half-educated military bullies were so fond of doing at that time on the Continent. Everything was done to outrage the feelings of the population, and it succeeded.

The warm blood of the Milanese was up. Women and children seized every means of annoyance, even to knives and boiling water, to annoy the Austrian invaders. Radetsky was strongly posted in the city. He seized the persons of some of the more illustrious citizens as hostages; among them, two sons of my old friend Count Porro, whose tutor had been poor Silvio Pellico. Still the citizens were without arms, and were fired upon by the Croats. Radetsky placed Tyrolese riflemen on the Duomo to fire upon the people, but this did not intimidate them. The people conquered the Duomo, and the

public buildings one by one, despite the artillery of the Austrians. Their spies and agents in the city made their escape. The barracks, prefecture, all fell before that gallant population. The country began to be roused by this time. Balloons were let off to alarm the rural districts. The stupid Croats fired at them in the air, thinking they were missiles. The whole people rose in arms, and twelve hundred of the Croat savages were made prisoners. The spirit of revolt flew into the country like wild-fire. Even the women killed the Croats, and aided nobly in the cause. Radetsky's palace was taken, and one barrack after another. The peasants flocked in to the affray. The old Austrian was at his wits' end, and his mortification great. At length the imperial army fled, leaving fifty thousand pounds of powder behind them, which became very useful. The Austrians had to carry off their guns, their wounded, and the hostages, whom they barbarously treated. They were forced to retreat hastily from amidst buildings set on fire all around them. Not fewer than five thousand Austrians fell, and nearly all the artillerymen to a train of seventy guns. The

haughty Austrian general was completely humbled, and his insulting threats of what he would do set at defiance. The atrocities committed by the Croats and Austrians were horrible, and practised even upon children. Eight children were found trampled to death in one spot; others bayoneted before the eyes of the mother. A babe at the breast was thrown alive on its mother's corpse; others found cut in two, with things too monstrous to relate, but not out of character with a semi-civilised soldiery. A Croat prisoner had in his pocket two female hands, with the rings upon the fingers. Women were violated, and then killed with the bayonet; some were burned alive. The atrocities recorded were dreadful to relate. The Austrian butchers had no sooner been driven out of the city, than an organisation of the citizens took place, and a war committee was formed. In fact, the whole country had now risen in arms, military stores were laid in, and the cry was, "The Lombards are free!"

The Holy Alliance chiefs gave Lombardy and Venice to Austria, perhaps the last country in Europe that would assimilate in the population.

She was to govern them in an independent and constitutional mode! Everything of this kind Austria in substance had belied. She had given every post to strangers, dispersed the Italian soldiers among her own regiments, and violated every condition promised. Thus it was, that in 1847 the efforts of so many European nations were once more aroused by the insolence and oppression of Holy Alliance tyranny.

In Naples, Bozzelli got the king to request General Pepe to propose a programme and a ministry, the king to place Pepe at the head. The king suddenly altered his mind, and refused what at first he had assented to. General Pepe attributed the refusal to Bozzelli's influence, the man who had been his companion in exile, and his friend at that moment, at least apparently so. My idea of Bozzelli, and I had seen him often or two or three times a week for nearly as many years, was, that though a learned and by no means a forward or aspiring man, he was amiable and fixed in principle. It is true no defence on his side has ever been made that I have heard of in this country. I had an esteem

for the man, and I acknowledge may have been deceived. But, on the other hand, he had suffered and endured much for his principles, besides his long exile. He pronounced in favour of his former liberal opinions immediately upon his return home, and so strongly that he was once more imprisoned. Now the king had named Bozzelli his minister on granting a constitution, and the people applauded the choice.

I heard no more of him but from others, except through General Pepe's last memoir, in which he lamented Bozzelli's unaccountable conduct as minister. He seemed king-stricken. Pepe, however, accepted the command of the army, consisting of forty thousand men. Even here the king exhibited his usual Bourbon duplicity, and rendered the forces as ineffective as possible, retarding its marches, and appointing the most objectionable men to commands. Pepe described the army as well disciplined, and promotion in the lower ranks well observed in regard to qualification. The king was continually among the troops. The general accompanied him to a review of dragoons. He commanded well on a

parade ground, which he seemed to consider the acme of a general's ability. Pepe gave the monarch due commendation so far. But the fact was, that the king pampered the soldiers, with the idea of keeping up among them a stronger attachment to himself personally. Over-gracious to Pepe, he still contrived to keep back the necessaries from the troops, and, as before the constitution, he gave orders himself, instead of issuing them through the minister at war. He affected to detest Austria, and Pepe advised him to command the army in person. The General also recommended to him a course of conduct to restore Sicily to obedience, but it was beyond his intellect to see the advantage, or his power to execute it. Still the monarch made Pepe the present of a horse completely caparisoned, and all looked well on the surface; but he was a true Bourbon, and was false at heart all the time. Pepe proposed to succour Venice, and it was agreed to. Suddenly the General was attacked by a fever, of which the king took the advantage to delay the embarkation of the troops. It was then decided that, seventeen thousand men having started, twenty-

four thousand more would follow; but the king ordered that the army should not cross the Po, but await there further orders. The real object was to prevent the southern troops from aiding in the campaign for freedom against the Austrians, whom the king had falsely said that he detested. Pepe at last set out for the army. He abolished flogging, yet so degrading is despotism, that the soldiers did not thank him for it, because it was in opposition to the will of the king. Distrust reigned throughout Italy, which was natural, governed as it had been. The General, glancing retrospectively, remarked, in the memoirs he left behind him, that "as in life our days of sorrow far outnumber those of enjoyment, in the same proportion are our sad reminiscences compared with those which are agreeable."

While on the march for their destination, and so far advanced, an order came for his return to Naples. One of the Neapolitan generals then proposed to the king to put an end to Pepe's life with a pistol shot. Pepe disobeyed the order of the crafty tyrant, and the army followed him. The King of Sardinia then requested the General to join

his troops to the right of the Sardinian forces. At that moment a mutiny took place among the Neapolitan troops; a part of the army had begun to waver. Despite those discouragements, the General proceeded, knowing too truly that Ferdinand of Naples had now become jealous of the ascendancy of Charles Albert the King of Sardinia. About this time as well, the pope had begun to retrograde from his former liberal tendencies. Ferdinand, full of duplicity, only awaited a safe moment to betray the cause he had offered to support. The deputies from the provinces that met at Naples in May observed a crisis approaching; differences took place among them, and a provisional committee was formed, which Bozzelli called a "provisional government." An engagement ensued between the National Guards and the Royal Guards; the latter were routed; but a body of Swiss hirelings, from that venal nation which cants about freedom, and sells the blood of its soldiers for the protection of tyranny anywhere, supported Ferdinand. Much bloodshed ensued. No one interfered among the diplomatists to prevent the slaughter going on, for the guns of the forts

were turned upon the people. The deputies were driven from their posts, and the Swiss butchers, who confessed they fought only for bread, abused their successes barbarously. The streets were filled with dead and wounded. Pepe blamed the ministry of Bozzelli for all the evil. In the meantime the royal party, for a moment triumphant, recalled the army from Piedmont commanded by General Pepe. Underhand means were employed to excite disobedience among the soldiers. The king then declared the same electoral law of Bozzelli that he had proclaimed before to be anarchical. This new one was passed, and the opening of a parliament announced in a short time. The governor of the Castle of St Elmo was dismissed for only firing powder on the people, and that too by Bozzelli, who had been himself a prisoner in that castle three or four years antecedently.

In the meantime Pepe, with that part of the army which adhered to him, crossed the Po, and entered Venice, and its fifty-four forts, all in a bad state for defence; but he undertook the task in the name of the King of Sardinia, having given up all

hope of doing good in the field with the comparatively small number of Neapolitan troops which adhered to him. Accordingly, the General must now be considered as shut up in that far-famed city, not well provided with the means of defence, provisions, or even ammunition. He still had to render his men fit for war, and to accustom them to active duties. He began with small sorties on the Austrian posts, and to make reconnaissances. In his sallies he was generally victorious.

The campaign of the King of Sardinia was not successful. He had to resist the pope and priests, and four or five princes. Moral and physical pressure were employed against him. Charles-Albert was not a practised soldier, and his army was in want of most requisites for a campaign, besides being badly organised, though full of courage. The battle of Custoza was now lost, not from want of bravery, but of a practised soldier in command.

In the meanwhile Pepe held Venice, and baffled the Austrians. Appeals to England and France were made in vain. The greater governments of Europe held together. No redress was to be had

by such appeals, however just and holy they might be. I often feel gratified at the present humiliation of despotic Austria, though affected by the villainy of Prussia. We may love the treason, but heartily detest the traitor. I think of the General in his grave, who was not permitted to see the existing state of things, having died some years ago, at the age of seventy.

Pepe continued the defence of Venice in the face of great disadvantages, with the verbal sympathy alone of the ministers of France and England. They pretended that their interference would cause a general war,—perhaps they were right, and the more the pity. Time, the avenger, has seen Italy free at last, that glorious peninsula, like Greece, resuscitated from mental as well as corporeal bondage, while aristocratical Austria, with her Croats and semi-barbarous population, is become a power “to point a moral and adorn a tale.”

For a year and more, without hope of exterior relief, did Pepe defend Venice against all the power of Austria. The latter prepared naval means, or endeavoured to do so, in order to present a perfect

blockade. Bread began to be scarce, and equally so the supply of gunpowder. A communication was opened with the Hungarians, but the difficulty of communication rendered it unavailable. The object was to obtain money to get a couple of frigates to keep the sea open for supplies.

Discussions now took place, begun by Austria, whose motives were unknown, but they ended in nothing, and Venice became more and more straitened by the siege. Provisions fell shorter. The Austrians had brought all the artillery from four garrison towns to play upon the city their red-hot balls as well as cold, in showers, at an angle of forty-five degrees, the shot falling as far in as the Place St Mark. Thus the shells reached half over Venice, and the balls two-thirds. Famine and cholera added their horrors, yet did that fine people never breathe a wish for peace with the Austrian Croats and other barbarians who thus harassed them. The citizens retired to the parts of the city out of range of the shot. Whole families slept in one room, in the hottest season,

and with scanty food. For a year and a half Pepe had defended Venice, and now issued his last order of the day, which alluded to the want of resources, to the cholera, and the famine. The Venetian navy alone had been unworthy of its ancient fame. Its officers would not attack the enemy without the lagoon, or necessities might have come in that way. Disorders increased within the garrison, and some pillage. These were suppressed, but gunpowder and bread could not be obtained, and the city surrendered, the General previously embarking in a French war-steamer, with five of his staff. The city authorities gave up the place. About a thousand officers and persons in military employment embarked in a transport for Smyrna. The General addressed the people and military, before his departure, on their good conduct during the siege of fifteen months' duration.

To the latest hour of his existence his prayer was a natural and a holy one, for the expulsion of the Austrians and their semi-barbarian troops from that Italian soil which their presence polluted, that soil

so consecrated by history, and that population so foreign in blood, manners, intellect, and feeling, from Austrian semi-barbarism.

In person the General was somewhat above the middle height, athletic in form and vigorously stout, but not at all corpulent. His countenance was agreeable, his complexion inclining to dark. His manners were quiet, and his bearing gentlemanly. I cannot but remember pleasant hours passed in his society, as well as in that of Bozzelli. The last communication I ever had from the General was from his house in Paris, soon after he left England for the last time. Time has avenged him on Austria—Italy is free!

COUNT SCIPION DU ROURE.

NONE of those can now be left who witnessed at a full age the scenes which took place at the French Revolution. I have already noted a lady whom I knew—Madam Gaçon du Four—who was a spectator of the events at that time. I also knew that singular man, Count du Roure, one of the Orleanists who was imprisoned in St Lazare, and whose life was saved by the downfall of Robespierre. I often met the Count,* an odd-looking man, who told me his story without exaggeration ; and not only

* See also "Recollections," vol. ii.

his own, but that of others. He was very free in discussing the affairs of the time of the Revolution. He said that the state of France and its troubles were by no means surprising, arising as they did among a people over-taxed and grievously oppressed by public burdens of all kinds, and by domestic oppression. The superior ranks had lost all their influence, and as a natural consequence the people had become barbarous under too many of the forms and practices of the past time, which still subsisted in plenitude. They had no rights, no influence, no chance of seeing their position ameliorated. Privileges had been conferred on those that only abused them. An ambitious monarch had loaded the country with taxation, and left his descendants to take the consequences of his vices and profligacy, which his successor rather increased than diminished. Then came a poor imbecile, who had no firmness, no judgment to act in a country on the eve of a terrible convulsion. He had been married to an Austrian girl of fourteen, bred up in the most despotic of courts, and treated with an obsequiousness that added to her hauteur, while France was on

the point of a great change. For his own part, the Count said he had become an Orleanist, and he contradicted the calumnies with which Egalité was charged, only because he saw the true state of things, and wished to amend them. The Bourbon princes had invited foreigners to invade France, enraged the people, and caused the Revolution to become sanguinary when influenced by wicked and cruel leaders. The reaction was the greater as the steps which led to it had been demonstrably more deceitful and obnoxious. The old dishonest state of social life had been uprooted, and this could not happen without a convulsion in the end. The effort to place all upon an equality was too violent a change, and handed over the rule to factions that knew as little in what the real freedom of a people consisted as those they displaced. Notwithstanding all that, France had been a great gainer, and that had been ultimately seen; for however fearful had been the revolution, owing to the intrigues working at home and abroad, France would ultimately benefit by it. In proof, the fear of this had allied against her all the despots of Europe, but

that could not last long. The state of France even then was greatly ameliorated in regard to personal right, good laws, and the security of property, which was not the case before, having all Europe in opposition to French and all independence.

Du Roure, on his mother's side, was of the Bolingbroke family in England. Some houses in Bond Street, running back into Albemarle Street, were his property through his mother, and when the war of 1793 broke out, he was cut off from all profit accruing through them. His agent and solicitor in England was the late Mr Oliver Cromwell of Cheshunt. I engaged to make inquiry respecting him, and found he had been faithful to his trust—too proud, perhaps, to dishonour a name which conferred so much renown upon England. Du Roure came to England, but I was absent from London. He had the pleasure to find all right; but he was not to enjoy his property, for he took lodgings in Arundel Street, Strand, and being attacked by illness, died there. I heard he had a son, to whom the property would naturally go, but I never saw nor heard more of any bearing the name.

As the Count had weathered the revolutionary horrors, of which I was glad to hear all I could—for the vice of lying regarding that tremendous event was never carried further than in England relative to things obnoxious to the feeling of the passing hour—I endeavoured to learn all I could about it from those who had witnessed some of its striking scenes. Du Roure was imprisoned in St Lazare as an Orleanist, and at first had no great fault to find with his treatment there. The jailor was a humane man, who only regarded the security of his prisoners, otherwise treating them well. Robespierre, however, seemed to have been aware of this, and soon placed the prison under the guardianship of a most ferocious fellow, named Verner. He was a wretch only formed to torment his fellow-creatures. He fed his unfortunate captives as if he intended to wear them out by bad nourishment. Bread of the worst quality and adulterated liquids soon caused disease. Those who survived the misery thus occasioned were sure to suffer from the short quantity they ventured to take in order to keep in life, and thus they had to bear with a hunger never fully

satisfied. Independently of this misery, the jailor took care to add every personal annoyance to the foregoing which he could possibly practise.

The jailor's book of charges against those committed was curious. Here were entered as committed Vivien, wigmaker, charged with imbecility and too little of good citizenship. In another place, Robert, for having neglected to renew his certificate of citizenship. The president of the popular commission came often to examine the lists. Verner had at one time commanded a band of assassins. The prisoners were questioned, and those marked out for death had a cross placed against their names.

The assassinations committed in the streets at different places by the mob were attended at times by singular circumstances. "Among the prisoners," said Du Roure, "was the author Anthony Roucher, an ingenious writer and poet of Montpellier. He had devoted himself to literature, and had published in the 'Almanack of the Muses' some pieces of poetry much approved. He was patronised by Turgot. In the Reign of Terror he had concealed himself, but was discovered, arrested, set free, and

then again arrested. He had been seven months in St Lazare, when he was taken out and executed. His poem of 'Les Mois' was much read. He translated Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' In the prison he employed his time in the instruction of one of his children. He soon foresaw that as a man of letters he would have little chance of escape. It was remarkable that Courts and Robespierreans alike hated the men of letters. Roucher sent his portrait to his wife and children on the day of his execution, with some parting verses that bore marks of his affection, and requested them not to wonder at the sadness the portrait displayed, for while the artist was painting it the executioner was preparing the scaffold for him, but that his thoughts were with them alone."

Some of the incidents of that terrible time were singular. While the mob was putting the unfortunates to death in the streets, a lady, learning that her confessor was among the number of those who were massacred at the Carmes, wished much to have his body that she might bury it with decency. With this idea she heard the dead-cart wheels in

the street, and, going to her window, saw it was full of dead bodies, and among those uppermost was that of her confessor. A surgeon, a friend of her own, happening to be near at hand, she conjured him to assist her in buying the body from the driver of the vehicle, and she showed it to him lest he might mistake. Accordingly he followed the driver, declared that he was a surgeon who wanted a body professionally, and begged to be allowed to purchase one for anatomical purposes. The driver or attendant asked for seventy crowns, and he might pick and choose. He paid down the sum demanded, and took away the body pointed out to him. It was taken into an ante-chamber of the lady's house, and she proposed to bury it secretly in her cellar, at a moment when all was secure, and they were not likely to be observed. She was saved the trouble. It was not a dead, but a living body. They had obtained a naked body, for that received had been nearly stripped of clothing by the mob. Being alone with the surgeon, the man supposed dead speedily told his story, while he was dressing in the clothes furnished him. When

able to appear before the lady who had been the means of his preservation, he said—"When I had seen my unfortunate companions murdering, it came into my head to throw myself down among the bodies. They thought me dead in their hurried rage, and stripped me. Then they lifted me into the tumbril from whence you took me, and from which also I should have been thrown into the general receptacle of the bodies. I have not received any injury, scarcely a scratch." He then expressed his thanks on his knees to his benefactress, and all three, the lady, surgeon, and priest, deemed an escape of the kind so extraordinary, that they said it must be a heavenly interference. The above incident took place during what were called the September massacres.

The hatred of Robespierre was most directed against the nobility, the old parliament men, and the men of intellect. When the wretch Fouquier Tinville was in prison, he had the audacity to write to M. Varennes—who had only escaped the fangs of the modern Jefferies by anxious concealment—to become counsel for his defence. M. La Varennes

replied, "If you had been only cruel towards myself, generosity would lead me to undertake your defence. You have made of all France one vast cemetery, and every one is weeping over a tomb; you have inundated France in the blood of the most irreproachable of men. I cannot undertake your defence without rendering myself in some degree an apologist of the crimes with which you have horror-stricken the world. Ask, therefore, from the authorities some one else to undertake your cause, and do not reiterate your request. (Signed) LA VARENNES."

Du Roure escaped with his life by the opportune execution of Robespierre. His brother was placed in the same prison, and the Count told me that another of his fellow-prisoners was the celebrated Baron Trenck, a Prussian officer, born in Königsberg. He had belonged to the regiment of Guards of Frederick the Great of Prussia, who made him an aide-de-camp. He signalised himself in the service, and received the order of merit. He attracted the affections of the younger sister of Frederick, the Princess Amelia. He received continual warnings

from the king not to persevere in his attentions, but he disregarded them. Tyrants have long arms. He was seized and imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz, under the false pretence that he carried on a correspondence with his cousin Francis von Trenck, who commanded the Pandours in the service of Austria.

Trenck contrived to make his escape and got to Vienna, from whence he went to Moscow, where he was well received, but soon involved himself in an intrigue there, contrived to extricate himself, visited several of the northern countries of Europe, and returned to Vienna in order to secure his cousin's property, but was only partially successful. He visited Italy next, and then returned to the Austrian service. He went to Dantzic on his mother's decease, and was there arrested and imprisoned in Magdeburg for several years. At last set at liberty, he took up his residence at Aix, where he married, and commenced wine merchant. He wrote a piece called the "Macedonian Hero," to expose Frederick the Great, edited a weekly paper, and commenced a Gazetteer at the same place. He visited England

and France, and was introduced to Dr Franklin at St Germain. Soon his wine trade failed, as might be expected from one who did not confine all his attention to it ; for trade, however narrow the pursuit, demands the whole man. He was then employed in political missions, and was again favoured by the Empress Maria Theresa, who bestowed a pension on his wife. He next at Zwerbach, in Hungary, commenced agricultural pursuits, and published, by subscription, a history of his life.

After the death of Frederick the Great, he was permitted to return home, and had an interview with the princess, to whose favour he owed his imprisonment and expatriation. She intended to protect his children, but she survived their interview only a few days. He next published his memoirs, and became an actor and writer in favour of the French Revolution. He lived in Paris in poverty, was suspected of being a Prussian agent, and thrown into St Lazare. Du Roure assured me he was a pompous troublesome fellow, and a great liar, who brought himself to the guillotine, while he might else have perchance escaped. Re-

ports about the Prussians marching upon Paris were common in the prison, and repeated with variations almost every day. It had a strange effect, and one day the jailor kept the prison in perfect seclusion, no one entered, and there was a fresh report of the Prussians on their march. It was traced to Trenck, "one of his numerous lies," said Du Roure. The jailor complained of him, and he was taken before the tribunal and executed, not long preceding Robespierre himself.

Du Roure assured me that he was a braggadocio of a fellow, always talking largely. I could not help remarking how greatly his life had amused me in the reading; but Du Roure's account of the man destroyed much of the pleasure I had once derived from his works, and it must be admitted that there are symptoms in those works of the character Du Roure gave to him.

Du Roure further told me that he himself was of the Orleans party. He spoke of the Duke in very different terms from those who were attached to the court. His friends were not numerous, and it was the distaste of the other members of the

royal family, and perhaps somewhat of jealousy, that made many declaim against him without reason. He did not intrigue with foreign potentates to deliver up his country to German satraps. His misfortune was that he excited the jealousy of the other Bourbons, for which there was no ground. He would not go their length with the foreigner. He did not hesitate to make known his feelings, and because they were not in unison with others of the royal family, he was bitterly abused and calumniated. He was not by nature nor inclination one who would or could shine as a conspirator. His opinions were not disguised, while he had no such weighty influence in the Revolution as his enemies endeavoured to make the world believe. The stories circulated about him and his conduct at that time were idle. He was a man accused of conspiracy when he was not guilty. He was rich and envied, but without ability to conspire. He was not a man of great capacity, and would have been contented to remain in peace, if any man could be permitted to remain so at that time.

Du Roure confirmed in many points the state-

ments of Madam Gaçon du Four, and was of opinion, as she was, that if any body of Parisians had been certain of trust in each other and no betrayal, the party of Robespierre might easily have been put down ; but such was the distrust prevalent that all moderate men were paralysed.

In the prison of St Lazare, the best policy was to be quiet, and attract no notice from the keepers. It was the reverse conduct with Trenck ; his desire of being listened to, and his passion for boasting, led him to death. How much of what he wrote and published is true, cannot now be known. His unsettled habits, and his own tale of his adventures, together with the character of a falsifier which Du Roure gave him, spoiled the romance of the biography which he denominated his adventures.

That Frederick should have imprisoned such a character was very probable, for his presumption in regard to the princess. That she did not dislike the attentions of a young and gallant officer was very probable. She might not have seriously regarded him, and yet have had that species of feeling towards him which is allied to a gratitude

often felt by the sex where no love exists, for the compliment paid them individually in preference to others.

All I know is, that having read the baron's adventures, and his own account of himself, when I was very young, the count dissipated nearly all the interest I had felt for a man who, I thought, was sadly misused by a tyrant, if I could so denominate the Great Frederick without practising an injustice. Still, if wrong, I may be forgiven for an error in judgment, a tendency to which the historians of most absolute monarchs who have their own way, are certain to show their readers.

Of the men left who distinguished themselves in the earlier revolutionary times I knew only two or three. I expected an introduction to the Abbé Siéyes, with whom a friend of mine was particularly intimate. I afterwards neglected it. Du Roure had no more than a general knowledge of him. I afterwards repented the not knowing a man so remarkable in the historical records of his time. The most notable of the men of that time surviving, whom I knew, was Barbe Marbois, one of

the "Council of the Ancients." He had a chateau not far from Gisors, near which I resided, and he did me the honour of calling. It was just before I left the country to dwell in Paris. He was one of the council condemned to deportation, and I believe actually reached Cayenne, which most of those condemned escaped, and did not proceed beyond the Isle of Rhe. He was a man of good sense and mild manners. Had I resided longer near him, I might have learned something more of public opinion in those feverish times than I could acquire from books.

There was extant in Paris, while I was there, a statement of the imprisonment of a number of the deputies under Marat and Robespierre, which was most painful to read. The prison could only contain forty prisoners in the common mode of detention, and seventy-five persons were crammed into it. The air was mephitic, and respiration became difficult. The account was most fearful, and they had only the relief of better air and more space as their fellow-prisoners were hurried away to death. It was rendered still more terrible by the

report that they were to be put to death in the prison. The apprehension, anxiety, and fear suffered, brought on fever that was contagious, and it was a whole month before they could get their condition somewhat ameliorated. The fear, melancholy, ennui encountered, the despair of some, and the barbarous treatment, added to the foul air, made the most robust constitutions give way. Money was extorted for the permission to a wife to see her husband through a grating. The jailor was humane in many respects, but he could not control those who controlled him. A statement which I possess of one of the prisoners here has lost its effect by time, and is long, but it is a frightful picture of the least terrible scenes of suffering at that time. The reaction of a long period of oppressive government acted upon and worked out those scenes of unparalleled horror.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THIS worthy man was known as one of those who at the commencement of *Blackwood's Magazine*, before it entered upon its notoriety in politics, and without any hand in the celebrated "Chaldee Manuscript," the fun and devilry of which now belong to a past generation, when Wilson and Lockhart laid their heads together for mischief—this worthy man was the first editor. He differed with Mr Blackwood, and soon parted after starting the magazine, to make way for the above-named men of letters, who rendered that publication so noted among a particular political class. It was early a personal

publication, but, despite all said against it, there was one high merit it possessed, independent of politics or personality. It stood alone in being the product of a man of genius in its plan and working out. Its type was that of the editor whose talents were unconstrained in the play of fancy on the side which he espoused, or very largely so. I know of no publication besides where the proprietor, if a bookseller, did not in some mode shackle an editor, if only by reminding him continually that it was the property of another, not his own, that Brown, Jones, and Robinson had made such and such remarks upon particular articles while in his shop. That such a clergyman, no Solomon perhaps, but a holder of fat livings, or some stiff-back of the presbytery, and a good customer, declared the periodical was not orthodox. The editor is thus incessantly teased by the proprietor, who himself knows nothing of the articles in which he deals, yet by this kind of irritation of an editor's mind he is often prevented from that play of fancy or full force of genius being exercised by him, who, of all things in his arduous vocation, cannot afford to

have his sensitiveness put on edge. Be the publication Tory, the praise of any Whig work, ever so deserving as a work of genius, and not political, acts as an alarm about disobliging some high-flown customer. Is it a Whig publication, the action is the opposite way. Even Wilson, who would give nearly full play to his wild fancy on many matters, had a degree of fear of Mr Blackwood before his eyes if he were too profuse of his praise on a work of genius from some political side not to be tolerated by party. Professor Wilson once put into my hand a book, asking me to notice it.

“You have the command of *Blackwood*?”

“Yes; but I should mortally offend, if not Blackwood, his friends, if they saw that the work were lauded in the magazine; it is too Whiggish—pray notice it, for its politics are yours. The author is a clever, good fellow, and deserves praise.”

I took the work and did as he requested. In his outbreaks Wilson was not very nice. Pringle, as I have said, very soon after the magazine began, took his leave of it. He was too sober and con-

scientious for the rattling Tories of Edinburgh, who boiled over with loyalty and High Kirk. Pringle told me a good story about a party of them going through the ceremony of christening a cat in due form, at one of their jovial merry meetings, Wilson and Lockhart leading off in the burlesque. But enough of this. Let oblivion cover the whims, and often more than whims, of the times of those merry-makings, and of the frolics of some of the Edinburgh worthies, if not quite *en regle* with mother Kirk or the mitred Canterbury, his "pans" and cassocks.

Pringle was the son of a Scotch agriculturist, and became known to Sir Walter Scott by a poem of considerable merit, called "Scenes of Teviotdale." Though lame, and obliged to use crutches, which rendered him unfit for the life of an emigrant farmer, he set out with an aged father for the Cape of Good Hope, and settled down at Albany. He had letters from Sir Walter Scott to the Verres of that day, Lord Charles Somerset, who governed, or rather misgoverned, the Cape. While in Africa, Pringle sent home some articles to the *New*

Monthly. He also published, later in the day, a volume of very sweet poetry, entitled "The Ephe-merides," with "African Sketches," the dates of the publications I do not remember exactly.

In 1814 Lord Charles Somerset had become governor of the Cape. From January 1820 to December 1821, during his absence for a time, Sir Rufane Donkin filled the governor's place. Lord Charles then returned and resumed his post, to the great discomfort of the people. Against his administration the general voice of the colony was uplifted. His supersedence of Sir Rufane Donkin, who was held in grateful remembrance by the colonists, and by those of Albany more particularly, where Pringle had settled, rendered Lord Charles's return still more disagreeable, as the revival of a spirit of arbitrary if not despotic sway, odious to British feeling. There was only one opinion upon the conduct of Lord Charles. It was not to the colonists alone that he displayed himself. He treated the late Sir Rufane Donkin* with a haughtiness, upon the resumption of his duties,

* He died in 1841.

which that gallant officer could not pass over unnoticed. On his return to England, Sir Rufane published a letter to Lord Bathurst, and in it he alluded in very handsome terms to Lords Edward and Fitzroy Somerset. In a letter to a friend, Sir Rufane said, "As for Lord Charles Somerset, I am quite prepared to go all and every necessary length, consistent with honour and my own character, to bring the comparison between his government and mine to a complete issue. The proofs and documents which still remain in my hands unpublished are most formidable, and the very publication of my first edition will bring to this country from the Cape innumerable proofs of the real character of Lord C. Somerset's administration, as the poor colonists will no longer be under the influence of terror, and will speak out."

The whole course of his lordship's government was marked by complainings of his conduct, and the arbitrary character of his rule. A remarkable proof of the mode in which the government at home was carried on transpired there, and how the villains, used as spies and informers in England,

were rewarded as if they were persons of character. The notorious Oliver the spy, so well known in London, was rewarded at the Cape with the place of surveyor of Government works, under the name of William Jones, Esq.! He of course soon got his money affairs into derangement. He then drank himself to death, before which his "real" character had become known.

While such was the usage of that fine colony by the Government, Pringle finding the farming at Albany, in his lame state, not suitable, went to Cape Town and set up a newspaper. This was not to be endured under the Cape rule with impunity if he dared utter a free word. It was, I believe, suppressed without any reason. Pringle then attempted to establish a periodical called the *South African Journal*.

It was confined principally to natural history, and came out at the price of two rix-dollars and a half. A history of literary and scientific societies, essays, poetry, reviews of local publications and of literary works, natural history, and the like, avoiding politics, and containing besides an account of the

missions, (to all missions Lord Charles Somerset had an invincible antipathy,) notices of the native tribes, their habits, dialects, and particular characteristics ; the state of the schools, and other kinds of useful information. This was unsavoury to the will of the colonial despot, and the publication was set down. No excuse but the sovereign will of the governor could be urged for thus trampling upon the unquestionable right of every Englishman. An arbitrary system of government, abuses of power, local institutions and monopolies, were established. The scene has since changed happily for the colonists, and they are no more subjected to the domination of satraps, many of whom possessed too little understanding to govern any but slaves ruled by the " sic volo." *

* Sir Rufane Donkin also wrote to an M.P. whom I knew, sending a copy of his printed letter to Lord Bathurst. In that letter too he requested his friend to notice how he had spoken " of those two most gallant and honourable officers, Lords Edward and Fitzroy Somerset. I hope you will call their attention to those pages—not in my name—as no communication from me could be agreeable to them just now—but in your own." See also here page 240, and the *New Monthly Magazine* for the years 1827 and 1828, for interesting particulars, by Thomas Pringle, of the treatment of the natives at the Cape.

In consequence of this conduct on the part of a governor wholly unfit for that or any other post where he was to have a command over freemen, and seeing his position hopeless, poor Pringle had no resource but to return to England. It was on his return home that I first became acquainted, and remained intimate with him until he left this dis-tempered existence for another and a better world. In his *South African Journal* it is wonderful what could be found for a plea to put it down. It was clear that Lord Charles was not at all nice about what he did. He well knew that ministers at home commanded the House of Commons, and that he would find impunity there, do what he might. The treatment of the natives had been often cruel beyond description, and Pringle's return enabled him to make known a good deal of the truth before concealed. Commissions of inquiry

Mr Wilmot Horton moved for the necessary papers in the House of Commons, preparatory to the discussion of the charges made against Lord Charles Somerset for misconduct in the government of the Cape. As might be expected in those times, little came of an affair of which the ministry intended little should come.

had been sent out from England, but under Lord Charles Somerset's administration the reports had been withheld. The freedom of the press had been set down by Lord Bathurst entirely, because it had dared to copy from the *Times* some remarks on the public conduct of Lord Charles. Thus the report was prevented from circulation. Such things were remarkable before the passing of Earl Grey's Reform Bill, because a ministerial majority would and did often shield notorious delinquents. It is but just, in the free state of our colonies, and under more worthy administrations, to contrast present times with the past, not only in the treatment of the colonies, but their advance in consequence, and increased value to the mother country by the existing state of things. Either Tory or Whig in office—no matter for party—the alteration is beneficial beyond belief compared to the olden time.

Thus returned to his native land, Pringle took up his residence in London. He edited the *Friendship's Offering* in 1829, but how long before that year I cannot recollect.

His health began to fail him in 1833, and he

contemplated a return to South Africa in order to benefit by the climate.* “I am now (October 1834) on the point of flying to South Africa to escape the deadly influence of our moist English climate, and in the hope of recovering a sound state of health. It is not probable, be my days few or many, that I shall ever return. I have had enough of the battle and fag of life ; and if I have only the humblest competency, I shall sit down content in that fine climate under my own vine and fig-tree, without troubling myself about the affairs of the great world. If you are in town come and see me.”

I saw him for the last time. He died early in December in Portman Street. He had not long before given up his editorship, preparatory to his departure. He had pressed me to send him something for the work. I did so, and sent him some stanzas, “The Spirit of the Sea.” He found it would occupy six pages or more. He added that it was rather too elevated “for the little masters and misses to whom the proprietors of such publications seem to look for purchasers. If you could but send

* Recollections, vol. iii., page 8. Second edition.

me one or two shorter of a lower and popular cast, I shall feel greatly obliged, for I must have you in at all events. See what you can do to oblige me in this, like a good fellow, and speedily. My health seems a little better since I saw you, but it is far from sound."

This was all too flattering. He was never destined to see South Africa again. I have a poem which I imagine he wrote in Africa, entitled "Youthful Love," sent from the Cape to England in manuscript. I do not find it in his little volume of "Ephemerides," but I cannot hazard printing it here, lest it should have appeared before. It consists of twelve Spenserian stanzas.

The anecdotes of wild animals which appeared in his *South African Journal* were novel and amusing; as parts of natural history, too, they were full of information, and have been copied again and again. They lead us to regret the suppression of the work still more, because we must necessarily otherwise have had more interesting anecdotes of the same kind. It is difficult to discover why such a useful work should have been suppressed, but

wherever absolute authority exists, combined with the feeling of suspicion, its freaks, under the gratifications of tyranny, never deny themselves any step, however out of the way of justice or reason. Ever watchful, too, for as Voltaire rightly says, "Tyrants never sleep," whether giants or pignies in power. The Cape seems to have undergone a fair exemplification of the remark, as affecting the poor natives as well as the Europeans.

In his *South African Journal* I remember being struck with a poem I know to be his own, but it is too long to copy here. It paints that delightful feeling which I heard poor Dunn Hunter describe when in the American wilds. I fancy I have felt something of the kind myself in situations where some spirit within seems to whisper of unbounded freedom, as I rode across the open country on the Continent, where no enclosures appeared, and the motion and scenery seemed to elevate the spirits, as if we are made part of the boundless domain around. The whole poem has been often printed here, called "A Reverie :"—

“Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
When the ways of the world oppress my heart,
And I'm tired of its vanity, vileness, and art,—
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years,—
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like the shades of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon;
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left;
And my Native Land! whose magical name
Thrills through my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone,
And I—a lone exile—remember'd of none;
My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone;
And weary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan;
I fly to the desert afar from man!”

He then proceeds with local description, and alludes to the freedom and joy he felt, enumerating the animals that haunt the African waste—to the ostrich and vulture among the birds; then to the reptiles; and the lake, saline and impure; and the blank horizon, proclaiming it a solitude, and describing its characteristics. He concludes—

“ And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Sinai's cave, alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty Hand
That spread out the heavens and heaved up the land,—
A 'still small voice' comes over the wild,
(Like a father consoling his fretful child,)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—' Man is distant, but God is near !' ”

Reading Pringle's work with care, I could see no possible reason for its suppression, and very few governors indeed would have found fault with anything contained in his *South African Journal*. It was a well-printed octavo, containing about ninety pages of letterpress in each number. A few pages in smaller print than the body of the work were annexed, entitled the “ Cape Chronicle,” containing appointments, promotions, and commercial affairs.

There was nothing in the work to offend the most fastidious. It is probable that Lord Charles Somerset was no Solomon, and could not see “ a hole through a grating,” as seamen have it, if he were not inclined to see it. Very different is the Cape now. A blight no longer hovers over it

in its governors, notwithstanding that its state under the government of Lord Charles Somerset will remain a full page in the reprobatory annals of our colonial rule, of which poor Pringle was not the only victim.

His "Ephemerides" was a poetical volume, published by Smith and Elder in 1828. It was divided into two parts, the first comprising all the earlier compositions in verse that he thought deserving of being reprinted. The second part consisting of Sketches written in South Africa.

His account of the bad treatment of the noble native chief Makanna by the Government or his captor, a Colonel Willshire, seems to have been of a colour with that of the governor in another mode. Makanna was the nobler character of the three, from his bearing and high spirit, though a savage. It must induce a smile on the face of any right-thinking man, not at the Cape only, but elsewhere, to mark the treatment of the aborigines, whom we rob of their lands, often knock on the head or shoot down, and still call ourselves "Christians, governed by the glorious laws of Christ," which we are as con-

stantly belying. The subject is too painful to dwell upon. Compared with a Christian buccaneer, such a character as Makanna was a hero. Still the Somersets and Willshires of England, in such cases, may be excused. They can only be "Christian" in pretension when judged by their acts. It is singular how the small intellects among mankind disregard as a legacy even a decent reputation with those who are to come after and are to judge them. The better order of mind thinks of its reputation with posterity.

But these things are of the past. Our colonial governments are now ruled upon the reverse principle of those in the time of Lord Charles Somerset; directed from home, too, by those ignorant of the state of affairs on the other side of the globe, perhaps often sinning through ignorance rather than design. The turn given to our colonial rule by Sir William Molesworth, and the leaving colonies to self-government, as knowing their own affairs best, was no light reflection upon the system of those who lost us America, under the desire to establish those absolute principles of government which did not

exist at home. Such were the effects of not doing right, and disregarding consequences, by ministers who desired to support the arbitrary measures of a demented monarch in place of the leading principles of freedom in the advanced spirit of the age. Such, too, was the plan but a very few years ago. All is now changed for the better in our colonies. We shall have no more such victims as poor Pringle to colonial misrule.

There was an amusing paper in one number of *Pringle's Magazine*, affording a singular contrast to the matrimonial law in England, which he extracted from a legal work on the Cape. Some Church of England clergymen would fain make a "sacrament" of marriage, if not adopt the whole seven of the Catholic Church. How such would be shocked to find matrimony at the Cape of Good Hope, in Pringle's time, so easy and pleasant a thing, as indeed it should be. Marriage cannot be regarded otherwise than a civil right. At the Cape it was accompanied with great facilities for a divorce, in place of dissolving the compact by the felonious means of mutual consent. For example,

said *Pringle's Magazine*, any lady passenger on board ship, who may have been persuaded by some fond admirer to give her consent to marriage, on reaching the land, and hurried on shore by her lover, might at once attend the matrimonial court, but could not marry until she answered, together with her *caro sposo*, certain questions.

“Where were you born? Where do you reside? How old are you? Are you a Christian, and not a heathen or slave? Are you engaged to marry any other person? Are you free to marry? Have you been married before? Have you any children living? Are you related to each other in the degrees of affinity forbidden by law?”

If suitable answers are given, and three Sundays' announcement of banns is too long for the patience of the couple, then application was to be made to the secretary's office for a special licence, for which two hundred rix-dollars were paid, and the parties had only to find a clergyman to be immediately married. The court itself felt the absurdity of such questions. It was then stated how wise it would be to change the law, which has perhaps been done

by this time. It was almost as easy to get rid of a wife there as to marry one. Suppose a Cape-married couple to have sailed for India, and having lived fifteen or twenty years together, to find out at last that their tempers are not suitable, then, on returning to the Cape, they had only to address the Chief-Justice, and state that a longer cohabitation must be attended by serious circumstances. A legal separation was generally granted. Would such a divorce be confirmed in England?—yet it was Cape law! “In case of settlements, too, it was the law, or a question for lawyers, in Pringle’s time, how property would go in England. At the Cape half the property of the deceased husband or wife went to the children, and half to the husband or wife. If a man at the Cape remitted his fortune to England, and vested his property there without previous agreement, the English law, from early barbarous rule, would unjustly give the estate to the eldest son, and deprive the rest of any advantage.”

Dissertations upon colonial subjects, and articles interesting to emigrants, made up the numbers of the *Journal*. It was an undertaking which con-

ferred honour upon the industry and ability of poor Pringle, who should have lived in later times, when the colonies of England partake in no slight degree of the freedom of the mother country, and colonial rulers can no longer display their tyrannical fancies with impunity.

Pringle contributed papers relative to South Africa to the *New Monthly Magazine*, some time after his arrival from the Cape. In one case, in consequence of the *Quarterly Review* and other publications extolling the mild treatment of the slaves there, which was untrue, he showed that, on the contrary, it was very cruel. It was before notorious that the Dutch, in all their colonies, treated their slaves as bad or worse than any other nation. What that treatment had been Sparrman and other writers, before the Cape came into English hands, had too well displayed, despite some little protection from the laws. Slave murders had been but too frequent in the colony after it fell into the power of England. The son of a country clergyman had been executed for flogging to death one of his father's slaves. The masters and slaves

for the same offence had been very differently dealt with in law, and the scenes of depravity exhibited were too bad for description. England has gloriously wiped out this blot there as well as elsewhere.

The most painful, and not less important complaint on the score of humanity, was the treatment of the unfortunate aborigines. The Dutch had ground them into the earth, and were in a state of warfare with them when we captured the Cape. Mr Barrow well described one of those scenes, of which he was a witness, and he was an excellent authority. Lord Caledon alone, when governor, made some slight efforts to see justice done to that unfortunate nation. Sir John Cradock did not seem inclined to stick at any injustice regarding those unfortunate people ; he, in fact, by a wicked law, made them slaves from their birth. The colonial government still hated the missionary bodies, and but for the fear of being called to account for it at home, by some of the friends of humanity, would have rooted them all out, even the inoffensive Moravians. As to the natives, not a foot of their own soil was left to them.

The statements made by Pringle did him honour. He published quite enough on his return to exhibit the nefarious conduct of those who had managed affairs at the Cape. The press from his hand drew attention to the subject between 1820 and 1830. At later periods, and since the crime of slavery has been wiped out, and a better system introduced than the rule of the people by one will, as often incompetent as otherwise, the Cape sees better days. It is now self-governed, and while it is not the most flourishing of our colonies, for the foundation was not English, a thing which Pringle dwelt upon as in no small degree a cause of much of the evil that had taken place there, the later improvements give high hopes of it. The climate Pringle praised more particularly, and expressed, while on the bed of sickness, his hope of once more reaching it in its improved condition. But in his state of health, after paying for his passage, expecting to sail immediately, and being deceived, he was kept six weeks over the time. An English winter set in, and cut off his only hope of existence. I have

rarely felt more for any one with whom I had not a longer acquaintance. Thus he passed away in his prime of life, and left a character of great purity and honesty behind him.

GENERAL TENCH.

AT the height of the late war with France, I made the acquaintance of General Watkin Tench of the Marines at Plymouth, where on one side of Mill Bay there stands some noble barracks belonging to that valuable arm of the public service. I know not whether it be worthy of moment, but I sometimes feel a melancholy kind of pleasure at reflecting upon the persons I have known who have kept up the chain of connexion with past events, or with some of those whose names have long become heirs of a great reputation, on the reflection that I knew them, and that they had known others of renown, or been eminent themselves. It is true that this

fancy is something like that of the man "who saw the man who saw the king," at least in one part of the feeling thus gratified, but I cannot help being pleased at such instances when they occur in recollection. Thus I once spent a week or ten days at Pelyn House, then the residence of the grandfather of the present member for East Cornwall, whose aunt was married to a relative of mine. One day after dinner there, it came out that the good lady of the house, then eighty-five years old, had been in the rooms at Bath with Pope the poet, who was at the time staying with Mr Allen of Prior Park, and to whom the poet made more than one allusion in his works. She described him as a little deformed man, "at whom everybody looked." In like manner I was acquainted with an individual who knew General Oglethorpe, who planted the colony of Georgia in the United States, but the General was nearly a hundred years old when he departed this life. It is now, all the world knows, a distinguished and populous state of the Union. I know one, too, who was well acquainted with a niece of Sir Isaac Newton, who lived in the house with him until she was

nineteen years old. Such incidents are links of connexion between the past and the existing generation, if like other things mere vanities. In the present instance, I knew an officer who was among the first to land on the Australian shores, then almost a *terra incognita*, though it was after Captain Cook's discovery of Botany Bay; that officer was the late General Tench. I became acquainted with him, as I have said, at Plymouth, and heard him often at the dinner-table tell stories about Botany Bay, for which he sailed with the first convicts in 1787, but finding the place not at all fit for the object of the expedition, it proceeded to the noble harbour of Port Jackson, where the fine city of Sydney has been since erected, and where an officer from thence wrote me some years ago, that then there were shops in the town, some of which were equal to those in Oxford Street. What a change in the course of one term of human existence! What a state has risen up there since! And what a glory for England are her colonies; in the United States, too, for example, though cut off by the arbitrary feeling of George III.

The Marine Barracks at Plymouth, on one side of Mill Bay, are erected of the marble found in the vicinity. They accommodate seven hundred men; and on the parade there might be seen, in the days to which I refer, officers in activity, and others retired for years, who had come to dine with their younger brethren in the fine dining-room, with its appropriate drawing-room in those barracks, or else merely come to mingle with spectators drawn to the parade by old associations. Of those ancient officers was General Watkin Tench, who was well known not only there, but among the hospitable inhabitants of Plymouth and its vicinity, at whose tables I used to meet him frequently. There, too, might be seen in command old Colonel Bidlake, the brother of the most respectable clergyman of that name, the author of several literary works, a little ugly man like his brother, but both men of spotless character.

At another time, my old friend and school-fellow, William Bate, who died governor of Ascension Island, also of the Marines, was to be met with there.

Often when I met General Tench at the dinner-

table, I had heard him relate stories regarding the establishment of the present noble colony on the other side of the globe, in what was then a *terra incognita*. He printed a number of copies about his voyage on his return. The work was a concise narrative of events, almost the only one which narrated the earlier proceedings on reaching that far-distant coast, given by an eye-witness. Strange, in the way of contrast, was the slow progress of the expedition compared to one under modern seamanship, and the delays at setting out; they seemed a reflection upon the state of navigation at that time. Nor had that country, the climate, and its resources to which they were bound been at all explored. It was the month of May in the year before mentioned when they sailed, the convicts being on board, after waiting two whole months for the governor. It appeared to have then required nearly that time to accustom the convicts to their position, and to regulate matters on board that would now have been done at sea. The expedition consisted of twelve sail. All seemed to have been unaccountably sluggish. An expedition in the present day, notwithstanding

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they took troops on board as well as convicts, would have been sent off in half the time, in place of lingering, nobody could tell for what purpose.

It was amusing to hear the General relate the conduct of some of the convicts, of whom they had seven hundred men and women under their care. The women behaved much more heroically than the men, being far less depressed in mind, a thing for which he could in no way account. Perhaps they were less thoughtful of their position, and regarded their native land with less affection. They could descend no lower in a social sense, and therefore found a species of consolation in the thought, that flinging off a care for reputation, they were comforted with the line of the poet—

“Creation’s tenant, all the world is mine.”

The men were in chains when they set sail; perhaps that contributed to their downcast feeling. The chains were gradually reduced among those who behaved well. In fact they had little opportunity for crime, and the captain at last found he might release all those under his care, which he

soon after did. They were three weeks before they made Teneriffe.

"It was slack work," said the General, "to what it is in these times." What would he have said if he had lived but a few years longer, and seen the wonders effected by steam? They occupied two months in reaching the equator, and the next stage was Rio de Janeiro, at which anchorage they remained until September.

It must be allowed that five months to reach the Cape of Good Hope was an ample allowance for a voyage. Ships now come from China in three. It was in the first month of the next year before they made Van Diemen's Land. I observed that this voyage was very long.

"Yes, my lad, it was all rusty iron work in those days. We were nearly nine months on our passage out."

In the journal kept by Captain Tench during the voyage, he remarked that it was then thought a great undertaking or experiment, both on the ground of the convicts turning out well, and the likelihood of forming a useful settlement. The

captain noted their arrival "as a great and important day, in which a colony would either succeed or fail, and that if successful, it would add another wreath of glory to old England, by turning bad into good.

"It was to us, indeed, a most important day, and it looks well at present for the foundation of a fine country. On examination, it was discovered that they had only lost twenty-four convicts on the passage, a wonderful thing he thought. By some blundering, too, they had been stinted even in necessary articles customarily allowed for long voyages."

They finally anchored in Botany Bay, the place recommended by Captain Cook, but it was not found suitable for a colony. All who had landed re-embarked, and directed their course to Sydney, or rather Port Jackson, as then named. They found Port Jackson "the finest harbour in the world, and there they landed."

The anxiety of the people was great to see something of the natives the moment they got on shore. They had been conjecturing how they would turn

out. "For my part," said Tench, "I fully expected to see a race like the American Indians. We found, on the contrary, the strangest dogs that can be conceived, looking as if they had just come up out of the earth, all naked as they were born." They did not find them at all inclined to be hostile.

"Innocent, General, as our first parents in paradise?"

"Well, they were not in a country like paradise, and though not malicious, I fear they did not impress us with any idea of innocence, nor of Adamite comeliness. I soon saw that they were inclined to be merry, and quickly learned to barter, and that every one sought to get their good will."

The general was most delighted with the harbour of Port Jackson, as they were all of them. The shores were well wooded. They now proceeded to form a settlement, first taking care of the sick. Next they landed the convicts under a guard. The ground taken up was by a stream at the head of the harbour, near which they fixed upon a spot for the governor's residence.

Being asked how the convicts behaved on their

first landing, he replied that they began very soon to show their true character, which on shipboard was not possible. They displayed the grossest licentiousness. It was thought best to get as many of them as possible to marry, by offering such as did so considerable advantages. The natives became shy of them, and a line of demarcation was formed, which the natives soon understood, and did not infringe.

All the requisite formalities were observed in taking possession of lands which were not ours, as if that were of any moment. Then a court for legal proceedings was formed, as much as possible in unison, under the pressure of circumstances, with those at home.

“We tried to administer justice,” said the General, “as near to our home forms as possible. At first we were merciful, but too soon found we had in our colony some of the most hardened villains that can be conceived. From slight and trivial punishments we were obliged to have recourse to the severest. Old habits were not to be changed, neither by the length of the voyage nor the restraint enforced.

Those who had before been thieves soon fell into their old habits, and one man was executed out of several sentenced to death. Recourse was then had to a severe system of discipline, for mild means were found unavailing in the majority of cases. The General's experience went to prove, that the old well-initiated rogues of great communities at home, when for some time they had practised their crimes there with impunity, were hardly ever to be broken of them even under the system of transportation. On the other hand, they found that by proper means, casual offenders could be reclaimed and made trustworthy. In such cases great care and discrimination were necessary to discover the difference between the classes. The one would commit crime as it were from preference and habit, the other only when necessitated, and therefore these differences came to be considered as well as the previous character of the delinquent, in examining into criminal cases.

The natives, it is probable, early received ill-treatment from the convicts, which made them much more shy than at first, and it was soon diffi-

cult to learn anything about them. They were in general of a chocolate colour, with remarkably quick sight, and very ordinary in person when not downright ugly. All that was discovered of them and their labours, showed them to be exceedingly rude, as if they were a new race of men, on whom little knowledge had yet fallen from their later creation, than that of those of the rest of the world. In fact they did not seem in their paradisiacal state, as thus found, to have tasted more of the tree of knowledge than some of the animal tribe. Stone hatchets, nets, bone hooks, and miserable representations of men and birds cut in the rocks, were the only signs of their ingenuity that were discoverable. They had no more garments than our first parents, evidently showing, as some said, that they were what geologists call of a primary formation. They seemed not to have had even an idea of clothing, and yet they often exhibited symptoms of suffering from cold. But so early in acquaintance with them, little regarding their habits could be learned at first. Their features were strange and very ordi-

nary, and one or two seen were more in appearance like some of the monkey tribe than mankind.

Their canoes were of bark, tied together at the ends, and managed with a certain dexterity. Their huts of bark were rude, shaped like ovens, and their food generally fish, but often grubs and worms, particularly nauseous. In many places they made the caverns in the rocks their dwelling. All their art seemed confined to their fishing, and the skill with which they used their paddles. They were attended by dogs, which they called "dingos." "These dogs viewed the strangers as interlopers, and were very shy of their presence, rarely showing aught except a spirit of animosity to us," observed the General. He said nothing about their breed. I have seen a species domesticated in this country, said to be from New South Wales. It was without hair, but not ill-formed.

"The natives soon began to distinguish those among us who had authority," said the General; "and they quickly picked out the governor, and gave him a name in their own language. Some of

them got familiar, but the conduct of the convicts made them very slow in their approaches. The General could say nothing about the language spoken by these aborigines. All the Europeans at the moment were too fully occupied in the works necessary for establishing themselves, to give much attention to the savages, as they might well be denominated. The officers were obliged as well to superintend the different parties that had been set at work, so that they could not at first learn much of the native character. The natives did not appear to have any government, but the time and opportunity necessary to decide the point, as far as particulars went, could not be afforded while the General was resident in the country.

The natives, after discovering Governor Phillip to be the chief, called him "Bee-ana," which, it appeared, meant "Father." Thus, among some of the North American tribes, that title is most honoured in all the relations of life, and used respectfully. Here, in the earliest stage of social existence, there can be no doubt, then existing upon the globe, judging from manners and habits, a pure language

prevailed, which seemed to prove that language was natural to man, and not acquired, as some have imagined. According to the General, it was very pleasing, and soft in sound. The appearance of their naked persons, and the apparent indecency, was plainly a mere matter of custom, for the novelty soon wore off, and nothing more was thought about it by Europeans.*

Their manners were strange. They had no appearance of a religion, if by that is intended priests and forms of worship. They had an idea of a future existence beyond the clouds, but no priests. Still religion, and that very pure too, may exist

* This fact is corroborated by the statement of a gentleman known to the writer, who, not twenty years ago, visited an English family that had settled two hundred miles "up in the bush," as it is styled there, consisting of several young ladies and their brothers, as well as parents. The natives, men and women, often visited them, and the naked person soon ceased to be otherwise than a thing in common, unregarded. Some Europeans just landed paid these country-folk a visit, and while there several native women came to see the white people as usual, to the abashing of the strangers. The best part of the story was that the colonist ladies had endeavoured to persuade the native women to wear white aprons, with which they furnished them, but soon after, getting loose, they put them on behind, instead of before the person.

without priests. Washington Irving speaks of a tribe of Indians in North America that morning and evening prayed to the Great Spirit over the sea. That surely was "religion" of the purest type, combined with that consciousness of right and wrong, or good and evil, in certain things, which may differ in consequence of natural social bearing. Other American tribes have quacks among them, who pretend to understand medicine, and also profess priestcraft. They carry about wooden idols, which they beat when not propitious to their demands. The pure religion there is no doubt was with the first-named race. The General wanted forms and priests, or else it could not be religion—a natural mistake. Here too, it is true, he confessed his knowledge of the natives was, from the nature of things, very circumscribed.

The women had deprived themselves of the two first joints of the little finger of the left hand, the cause of which was not known. Their hair was not like that of the negro, but long and straight. Their countenances were often pleasing, and marked with that feminine character which accompanies the sex

almost everywhere. They rubbed their skins with fish-oil, to guard against insects. Both sexes were filthy in their persons, and when they prepared for dancing they decorated themselves in a way that added greatly to their natural ugliness.

The General spoke of the pleasure he took in observing the plants, flowers, and other productions of nature unknown in Europe. Most of the animals were new, as if they belonged to a part of the world that had come up out of the sea since the creation of the other portions of the land.

The General's account of the colonists was by no means flattering. The frequency of offences, the vices, the severe punishments, the continued watchfulness necessary, and the constraint that it was needful to employ, rendered the duties not only onerous but disagreeable. It was found that in some cases of regular good conduct, many of the offenders reclaimed became of use in the situation of constables and overseers, from being well acquainted with the tricks and stratagems of the more wary criminals; and thus becoming useful, they generally rendered themselves worthy of pro-

motion. The backsliders among such were rare afterwards.

The General seemed to have formed no opinion—indeed he hardly could—of what value convict labour in the colony might become in future. He proclaimed the most idle and worthless of all the convicts to be the London pickpocket. He was fit for nothing but to look after cattle. Very few of the class were ever among those who mended their position when thus expatriated; and he pronounced them the most contemptible of all vagabonds, for they had not the courage of the ordinary thief or housebreaker. They were generally as great cowards as they were mean and contemptible in a society, a good part of which, however evil, was sufficiently brave to risk the law and their personal safety in the commission of their crimes, as well as the certainty of punishment if discovered.

There were many curious facts which the General stated over his wine, for in the time to which I allude after-dinner conversation, often prolonged, was interesting and informing. It might be in some few cases abused by sitting too long, and

taking a glass too much ; but it was then the most pleasant time of social intercourse and the conveyance of information during the flow of soul. A dinner now has become more and more a mere matter of gourmandise, an affair of animal feeding and dull stomach repletion, at an hour more fit to begin repose than to satiate appetite.

Long years have flitted away since the General and myself used to meet at the same board and quaff the "flowing bowl." Since then, with the discovery of the gold mines in Australia, the Anglo-Saxon race, after peopling half a noble continent in the United States, is now rapidly populating what an Irishman would call the "fifth quarter" of the globe. How much legitimate, nay everlasting glory, already crowns old England in extending her colonial civilisation ! Her own name, language, manners, and race, are spreading over the globe. How far better than exhausting her wealth and depreciating her moral character in sanguinary wars to uphold tyrannical thrones, as in past contests for long years with France and Spain, the incorrigible despots of Europe for her allies, and all she had done for

twenty years, and her allies into the bargain, overturned in three days, by the fine people they thus denounced, and to whom they must needs dictate! Could the General peep at the Australian continent from his tomb of long-buried years, how would he be amazed at seeing the fruit of his early labour, as well as of his companions, rapidly approaching the character of a great empire—cattle-breeding, agriculture, and the arts flourishing there, and veins of gold more productive than those of California.

CAPTAIN OLDREY, R.N.

IN the characters that are outlined in these volumes the reader must expect only shadow profiles of the names of those recorded. No full effect is intended. No filling up a picture as executed by an artist, having the various tints and hues of colour with which nature distinguishes the living subject. These notices, therefore, are but as those likenesses which are often taken off on paper against a wall by candle-light. Memory can do no more in the exhibition of its artistic skill. Yet is the shade thus afforded of the partial features of the departed a relic which may be cherished in the absence of the

more efficient picture. Men will ever feel an interest in those who are marked by differences of character or adventure, and are gone, lost—

“In time's abyss, the common grave of all.”

The name of the naval officer at the head of the page recalls some scenes of a public as well as private nature. He was imbued with those peculiarities in person and vocation which time and society often fail to erase. He was the creature of his profession to his last hour. I think he once said that he went to sea very young, with the notorious Captain Bligh, of tyrant fame, and that he got removed from under him by the interest of his friends very quickly, as he could not bear the tyranny he saw exercised. I cannot recollect the time I first met him in England. But he lodged in the Rue Pigarre, in Paris, when I first went there from Rouen in 1816, and we renewed our acquaintance. He was taking lessons in mathematics from the teacher in whose garden lived the singular Hungarian, Mentelli, of whom I gave an account in a work I published somewhat similar

to the present. During our sojourn in Paris we visited numerous odd places and establishments, afterwards abolished. Our evenings were spent in the "Caffe de Mille Collonnes," or some similar establishment. Oldrey occasioned no little amusement by his peculiarities, the sailor being stamped upon him in every action. The French did not know what to make of him, any more than he did of the girls in Circassian dresses, that waited on the guests at that celebrated coffee-house.

The allied armies being in occupation of the country the number of strangers of all ranks in the city was very considerable. All the places of entertainment, even the public gambling-houses, afterwards suppressed, were then open, and filled with foreigners as well as natives. The gold houses, or those public rooms where nothing but gold was laid on the red and black, with their attendant *gens d'armes*, did not tempt him so much as they surprised him to see it in heaps. Gold in England had been superseded with the paper of the Bank of England, in one and two pound notes. Soon after the allied armies quitted France all those houses

were suppressed, to the honour of the Government. There was no cheating in them, but they led to crime, and to very painful scenes. France abandoned them to the demoralised petty princes of Germany, some of whom make their product a part of their revenue. Miseries very great, and suicides were caused by them continually.

The Captain returned to England, and I had no expectation of ever seeing him again. We met in London by accident, and did not neglect to renew our former friendly intimacy. He had been anxiously looking out for an appointment to a ship, but he waited in vain. One, two, three, or more years passed. I had missed my old friend, found him at last by accident, and prevented his fighting a duel about a lady, whom a scoundrel had reflected upon, and for whose sake I determined to prevent it. The good-natured world would have impeached her character directly from the notoriety given to the affair. I represented the silliness of the step to my excellent friend. I did more, I had his antagonist taken into custody, and both held to bail. The poor fellow was so vexed that he cried

like a child ; but he confessed afterwards I had done right, for his antagonist was not worthy of him, being a thorough blackguard.

Our immortal novelist had about that time, or a little later, undertaken a work for which he was wholly unfit, owing to his strong political predilections, his ignorance of the continental manners of the time, and his singular credulity as to public characters. In those days political hatred knew no bounds with some persons. Scott's great fault as to party feeling was, that while he openly appeared fair and candid towards all opposed to him in politics, he was secretly bitter against any who were not of his own party in writing about them. His taking a share furtively in the slanderous *Beacon* newspaper proved the fact. In those times to abuse an opponent in an unseemly way was the ungenerous custom. Napoleon had heaped upon his shoulders every crime in the catalogue of human vices by some writers of the day. It was the custom of a political party at the time. Scott, great as he was as a novelist, was on that very account the less fitted for an historian or biographer from

a display of strong party feeling in what he wrote, or in writing under it. Scott's life of Napoleon Bonaparte was out of his line of work. It is not worth anything. Truth, simple and severe, was required in a biography of that great and extraordinary man. No partiality, nothing savouring of injustice or untruth, of political taint or misrepresentation should appear to injure the writer's fame any more than that of the hero who may be his subject.

I have not stated that Captain Oldrey had once served in the Mediterranean as the lieutenant of the gallant Captain Usher of the *Undaunted*. He had been employed on some desperate cutting-out work while on board that vessel. In an attempt to board a French ship in a warm contest, Oldrey's right knee being raised above the lower part of the body while in the act of boarding, his foot on the enemy's bulwark, he was fired at by a Frenchman not a yard distant. The knee being elevated before the body the shot entered on one side of it, and traversed the whole length of the thigh without touching the great vessels. He was, of course,

hors de combat, and recovered only after a long and painful suffering. He had a pension of a hundred a-year for wounds. As he was a favourite of Captain Usher when he sailed with him, it was not wonderful that, the Captain being in London, they should meet. In the course of conversation Usher complained in severe terms of the statements of Scott in his account of Napoleon's conduct before and after his embarkation. It will be recollected that Captain Usher took Napoleon to the Isle of Elba, where the ex-emperor was to reside, and receive a pension from France, not a franc of which did the Bourbons ever remit him. This alone justified his future conduct. To return, Captain Usher asked Oldrey if he could get Sir Walter's account contradicted as concerned himself, and gave Oldrey the main points in writing. Oldrey replied in the affirmative, and brought the notes to me. I sent them in substance to the *Globe* newspaper. I have no means of knowing how long afterwards it was before Captain Usher himself gave a narrative of his reception of Napoleon on board the *Undaunted*, which I have never

seen, but it was a considerable time, I believe some years. The statement I thus sent was from his direct authority. The facts were noted down and written off by me from Oldrey's notes, and subscribed and signed, "An Officer of the *Undaunted*." It was clear that Scott had taken no trouble to examine into the authenticity of the documents from which he collected his information. Almost all he wrote respecting Josephine Beauharnais the empress, Lafayette, and others, the transactions at St Helena, together with his statements about the climate, answered in one case by Dr O'Meara, showed that he disregarded valid authorities. Sir Hudson Lowe and General Gourgaud differed in their statements, and people at the time believed the one or the other as it happened. Such misstatements, however, regarding a point or two could not affect Scott's entire history, and there it would have been well had they rested. Some of these errors appeared at first to be trivial, but seemed to thicken as the reader proceeded. At last it seemed as if Scott had paid no attention

whatever to any valid authority. Regarding the fame of the great novelist, it would have been better the work had never appeared. Women's gossip, unknown pamphlets, and authorities unattested, instead of living agents and documents of unquestionable integrity, sadly impeached the biographer's judgment. For example, take volume eight, and the eleventh chapter. At page 252, Augereau and Napoleon are made to converse in the language of the very dregs of the Parisian population! Napoleon always spoke with great propriety of language. Every Frenchman knows with whom he may *tutoyer* and who not. This Scott picked up out of some worthless pamphlet published by a Prussian. The journey of Napoleon from Montelimart to Frejus was shamefully erroneous. Napoleon showed no fears. Nobody offered the ex-emperor any insult. A seditious cry or two after the emperor had passed, incited by some priests in that most fanatical part of France, were heard on one occasion, but the people showed a very opposite kind of feeling.

Scott asserted, in page 253,* that Napoleon disguised himself as a postillion, or some sort of domestic, that he sang and whistled, and ordered his servants to become his smoking companions!! How wretchedly must Scott have misunderstood the character of his hero, or endeavoured to depreciate it! "In order," wrote Scott, "to avoid assassination, the ex-emperor of France was obliged to disguise himself as a postillion, or a domestic, anxiously altering from time to time his mode of dress; ordering his servants to smoke in his presence; and inviting the commissioners who travelled with him to whistle or sing, that the incensed people might not be aware he was in the carriage!!" This was all pure unadulterated fiction.

The statement of what took place at Organ, of an effigy "dabbled in blood," for the display of which before his eyes the emperor's carriage was stopped; his fear of assassination again; his dread of prison at La Calade; the Château scene; and his shuddering at death, were all false, all perfect

* See also Scott's "Napoleon," vol. viii., pages 250, 252, 253, 254, to 260.

fiction. That it was so, Baron Kohler and Sir Neil Campbell, both present with the ex-emperor, could testify that they saw none of this cowardice on the part of Napoleon during the whole journey!

Upon the arrival of Napoleon at Frejus, the ex-emperor was said "to have shut himself up in a solitary apartment, which he was made to traverse with hasty and impatient steps, sometimes pausing to watch from the window the arrival of vessels, one of which was to transport him from France, as it then seemed, for ever!!"

What vessels could Napoleon have seen or watched for such a purpose, when "the French frigate the *Dryade*, and a brig called the *Inconstant*," had, according to Scott's own statement, "come there before from Toulon, and lay ready to perform the duty?" It is added, "But reluctant, perhaps, to sail under the Bourbon flag, Napoleon preferred embarking on board his Majesty's ship *Undaunted*, commanded by Captain Usher!" How utterly false!

The truth was, that Napoleon remained no longer secluded at Frejus than he would have done any-

where else under the circumstances. There was nothing remarkable about Napoleon's short hour or two of solitude there. But it shows Scott's feeling or carelessness, or both; for how could Napoleon possibly show a reluctance to embark under the Bourbon flag, when he, Scott himself, says in a page a little preceding, "He, Napoleon, desired to pass to Elba in an English vessel, and was pleased to have the escort of an English officer!!"?

This was not all, for Scott must have seen that the compliment to England and her marine was made at Sir Neil Campbell's interview with Napoleon before, and far away, at Fontainebleau! On the arrival of the ex-emperor and Sir Neil Campbell at Marseilles, the *Undaunted* frigate lay there, commanded by a very distinguished British officer, Captain Usher, and his services were put in requisition by Sir Neil Campbell for the very purpose of the conveyance. Usher possessed magnanimity, and was a man of high and generous feeling, with a proper sense of duty, which particularly qualified him for such a task. Frejus itself lay too far

away from the sea and from the ships in attendance to be seen, therefore the statement made Napoleon's pretended look-out more ridiculous.

The adieu, "Cæsar and his fortune!" pretended to be uttered by the Russian envoy, was never heard by any one present. The passage respecting Napoleon's statement of three hundred sail of the line, and that about the naval conscription in all the seaports and sea-coast frontier of France, and what follows, is altogether a misstatement.

The passage where Sir Walter made Napoleon speak with such freedom to Captain Usher of "out-witting" the allies, was wholly untrue—altogether false; nor did the seamen on board the *Undaunted* ever regard the ex-emperor with suspicion, as Scott made them do. It is very true that the charm of his affability was universally felt, and acknowledged by all in the frigate,—officers and men,—and the natural impression of respect made by so great a man was felt in his presence, the moral impress was remarkably evident throughout the ship.

As to Sir Walter's story about Hinton the boat-swain, it is indeed sad "humbug," to borrow Sir

Walter's own expression. Precisely the same is the tale, the fiction, of Napoleon's proposing to the captain to fire a gun to bring to a miserable fishing-boat, nor did the officer, so falsely said to be addressed for that purpose, ever make the ridiculous excuse, by saying that such an act of hostility towards a neutral would "denationalise" her, with the rest of the nonsense reported in connexion with it. It is all as pure a fiction as one of Sir Walter's own novels.*

It was also asserted that on the arrival of the *Undaunted* in sight of Porto Ferrajo, that "they found the island in great confusion." Not to say a word of the extraordinary optics of those on board a vessel just come in sight of land, which could enable them to perceive the confusion described so far off, no such symptoms of confusion could be witnessed on the island, because they never happened, nor anything to give a ground for such a wild assertion. "Yet," says Scott, "this confusion naturally increased Napoleon's apprehensions, which had never entirely subsided since the danger he

* See page 260 for the entire passage.

underwent in Provence." What those dangers were nobody knows, unless to the allusion already noted here, at a place between Montelimart and Frejus, where some fanatical priests were heard to utter a seditious cry, hardly worth remark, except to show every little incident that did occur.

Again new falsehoods commence. "Even on board the *Undaunted*," said Sir Walter, "he (Napoleon) had requested that a sergeant of marines might sleep each night on the outside of his cabin-door, a trusty domestic mounting guard within it. He also now showed unwillingness, when they made the island, to the ship running right under the batteries ; and when he first landed in the morning, it was at an early hour, and in disguise, having previously obtained from Captain Usher a sergeant's party of marines to attend him !"

Wherefore a guard of marines if he was to go on shore "in disguise" ? It is needless to say that all this is as pure unadulterated fiction as any in Scott's own delightful novels, to which he had better have kept his attention than attempt to write history, the greatest merit of which must be its verity.

Napoleon displayed no fear on board the *Undaunted*, either at passing the night or running under the batteries. He never went on shore there in disguise. An officer's guard of honour was appointed to attend him and to receive him, and not of course a sergeant's party. There were no more additional guards kept on board ship, or at the cabins, than are customary on board all British ships of war.

At Elba, Lieutenant Hastings of the *Undaunted* was deputed by Captain Usher, and Count Drouet by Napoleon, as commissioners to take possession of the island. Everything was conducted with due form, and the reception in the island, and the bearing of Napoleon throughout, was highly impressive, and such as the knowledge and consciousness of his great name and genius might be supposed to cause in himself, and insure to him from others. Sir Walter Scott's own use of a quotation in the chapter of his history here principally alluded to, is the mildest censure that can be passed upon what is not history, but fiction—

“Some truth there is, but mix'd and dash'd with lies!”

Sir Walter may quote in vain any notorious pamphlets in excuse. The principal agents in these events were alive, men of indisputable honour, and accessible. Scott's great name would have made an application for many facts certain of a reply. With this knowledge to write a history, important parts of which have no better authority than newspaper anecdotes, and unauthenticated party statements, when the individual actors might be appealed to and satisfied on the part of a writer so well known as Sir Walter, shows inexcusable neglect, is incompatible with a just historian, who is bound to scrutinise every authority, and to do impartial justice. On only one chapter of the work can the present writer judge. Others may be able to test the remainder, which it is to be hoped are not equally incorrect and partial. Such a work is not history, but fiction. I appeal to living officers of the *Undaunted* for the truth of what I state.

I had always thought Sir Walter's history a gross failure. It was far easier for him to have consulted English officers and authorities than to have written by guess, and to have got at truths worthy the history

of a very great man, in relation to his life and civil as well as military operations on the Continent, by careful scrutiny. No one in England could correct the incidents of the emperor's career at the time Scott wrote, so as to be reliable, without visiting the Continent, and taking some considerable pains to obtain information from creditable sources. I was in France soon after the battle of Waterloo, at least within some months less than the year. I did as many inquiring persons would do, I endeavoured to learn all I could *pro* or *con* in regard to Napoleon. I cannot easily forget how I found I had been deceived by the virulent party-spirit and writings, foreign as well as English, in numerous particulars, about that great and wonderful man. I heard of him by those who had fought by his side, by some who had seen him in the full tide of his prosperity in France, and not Frenchmen either, who might be partial, but German officers that saw him in Moscow when they were in the French service, and in the dreadful retreat of the French army which ruined him. In the time—and it was of some length—that I lived in France, in conversations

there about the emperor, in the works he had originated, in his laws, and free toleration of all religious creeds, I saw everything to admire. From those with him at St Helena, too, I heard much of his conduct and his conversations there. I knew O'Meara well. I can only charge Napoleon with ambition. Let it be recollected that the old effete despots of Europe combined to uphold a Bourbon brother in France ; that the people there had been ground into dust by their rulers ; that in attempting to set the government right, foreigners invaded France, incited by the princes of the family that had been the cause of the popular suffering ; that the compression thus caused produced the cruel scenes which took place, and as well forced the national reaction, and the deprivation for the moment of law and order, and the death of the king. Europe's kings combined against the French people, and were beaten. The hope of the plunder or partition of France then became hopeless. Napoleon, after performing wonderful exploits, drew order out of the chaos reigning, and became his country's benefactor. His successful ambition led

him to the highest elevation he could attain, and then that ambition overleaped itself. It is false that he was the tyrant represented, even while beset by tyrants. The good he did lives after him. Not one of those who began the attack upon France can say the same. The true history of Napoleon is yet to be written. That of Scott is not worth the waste paper that records, or rather pretends to record, the history of this great man. Scott, as a novelist, is immortal; as an historian, he egregiously failed. He failed also as a poet in his pleasant metrical tales. He failed as a critic. His edition of Dryden threw no new light upon that poetical glory of King William's days. It is not given to one man to be great in many things. Sir Walter Scott has made himself a never-dying name in his works of fiction; and that is sufficient, since England has not shown his equal in that line, in its very highest walk, too,—if truth and nature,—if that love of the past deeply written in the human heart, and fidelity to its truth,—if delineations, never equalled, in scenes that affect the passions, —virtually go for anything.

But all this is digression from the career of my old friend Oldrey. To return to the real subject of the Captain's subsequent career. His turn of service came at last, and he had the promise of the command of a ship which was in the West Indies, and to which he had to take his passage. He arrived at Plymouth in time, as he wrote me, "to cast anchor in blanket bay" the night before. He had been well received by Sir Manly Dixon, who commanded at that port, had dined with him, he said, in a second letter, and was about to embark for Bermuda to take there the command of his ship. Full of his usual spirits, he added, now he had got a ship at last, in his characteristic manner, "I feel the wheel is in motion; I was a devilish long time at the nethermost part of it. At length fortune begins to give me a lift, and, my boy, only half a turn of the wheel is all I ask; which, if I obtain, with a little health to enjoy it, why then we will have a few more cups of kindness together in spite of the Westmacots* and the whole host of scandal-mongers. Lay it well into them, my hearty. Re-

* Westmacot's *Age* paper had been abusing me.

member me to Chamier,* and tell him I will do or say anything for him to his Ebonies."

At Bermuda he joined the *Hyacinth*, and taking the command went to sea. I do not remember his immediate destination, but ultimately he was working up for the island of Barbadoes. Here occurred one of the most singular events of his life, and one of the strangest proofs of the virtue of the barometer. On the evening of the finest day that climate could produce, he was still on the passage, and had just before been admiring the beauty of the sea and heavens, nothing whatever indicating the catastrophe that ensued. I had the narrative from himself, which I give almost verbatim. The atmosphere, to the verge of the horizon, was perfectly clear; not a cloud obscured the heavens, nor was there apparently the least probability of change as far as the eyes or feelings could judge from the aspect either of the sky or ocean. To use his own words, "A hurricane was the last thing I should have imagined

* Captain Chamier, R.N., who had served in the West Indies, and used to extol the lasses of colour in talking of past days of service in that part of the world.

likely to occur. Going below, I threw myself upon a sofa in the cabin, and by mere chance cast my eyes up to the plate indicator of an upright barometer which hung opposite. I observed that the mercury was falling. It was a moment when I should not have dreamed of looking at it for any meteorological purpose. The mercury continued to fall, and that so rapidly I could not believe in my own vision. I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I did not see clearly. The mercury still descended. I got off the sofa, and, approaching the instrument, discovered it still dropping with a motion almost perceptible. I began to be alarmed, and went upon deck. The atmosphere was heavenly. Not the slightest appearance of sea or sky bore out the indication below. I descended again to my cabin, and examined the instrument. I was not mistaken. I had never heard, much less seen anything of the kind before, and felt convinced that something extraordinary was about to happen, I knew not what. I called down the first lieutenant, and stated what I had observed. He alleged with such a sea and sky, and the serene atmosphere, nothing in his

opinion was to be apprehended. The sea and sky were alike too beautifully clear, too serene for any mischief.

"After a little further pause," said the Captain, "though I could not deny a syllable of my officer's allegations, or subdue my feelings, I continued uneasy. If necessary a little labour and trouble to prepare was all, I resolved upon it, though I confess I feared I should look very small before my officers and the ship's people, if there were nothing came of a warning so sudden and alarming. The fall always indicating something allied to a storm, yet here all appearances were against me.

"I ordered," he said, "that everything should be made snug immediately, the topmasts to be struck, got down, and secured upon deck. All on board were surprised, and thought, I believe, that I was out of my senses. The men said to one another, 'The captain is going to sweat us for nothing.' By great activity, which I urged on, mingling command and entreaty, the topmasts were lowered and secured as far as possible. The officers were of the opinion they had held all along, that with the

existing appearances there was nothing to be apprehended. They well might be of that opinion, for certainly nothing could be less probable from past experience and the state of things above and around. All hurricane appearances, at least those observed to be its common forerunners in that latitude, were absent. The Captain was easy, having done all in his power for the ship's safety if anything really should occur. He called down the first lieutenant and told him that he could not overcome his impressions. We conversed about it over a glass of grog. He told me that he had that kind of perplexed feeling which it is not easy to explain, but may be imagined. He feared to be derided. Still he had much confidence in the quicksilver, and felt a certain degree of satisfaction that all was snug. An hour or two passed away, and the night approached. The wind, suddenly rising, grew to a storm that became tremendous almost at once. The bright scene just before had quickly changed. The sky became overcast, and a hurricane blew with a fury almost unparalleled. Not a rag of sail could be kept spread. The wind raged

so furiously that it literally blew down the sea, which could not rise into waves, but appeared one vast surface of foam, through which the ship was furiously driven along without a sail set. Fortunately there was sea-room, or no care could have saved them. It seemed as if nothing would outlive such a tempest. It did not continue two hours, and for the whole of that time the sea was destitute of waves. The *Hyacinth* was still driven furiously along. When the wind began to slacken, the sea arose into mountains, and the ship literally bored her way through them."

They reached Barbadoes, but the hurricane had subsided before they entered the harbour, which is two-thirds surrounded by rocks; the clear part is a sandy beach. Fortunately the wind had blown on the latter, and upon that all the shipping in the harbour had been driven up high and dry, and nearly buried in the sand. They had to dig them out again when the calamity had subsided, and few or no lives were lost in them. The *Hyacinth* came quietly to anchor, the wind having dropped to a breeze.

On the shore the result was very different. Houses fell that had stood the hurricane of 1780, and twelve hundred persons lost their lives. Houses, too, built with thick stone walls, and the mortar hardened by time, even where transverse walls aided in some places in their support, were thrown down. Barbadoes was not considered a hurricane island. The hurricane of 1780 was but a very furious storm. It lasted for thirty-six hours. If this, which continued in full violence only for an hour and a half, had continued as long as the former, the whole island would have been converted into a desert waste.

At Barbadoes the weather had shown nothing indicating hurricane weather any more than had been the case at sea. None of that remarkable atmospheric purity was observed which is the precursor of such visitations in the islands generally, which are subject to such storms, commonly denominated the "Hurricane Islands." An extraordinary mirage often precedes these visitations, and the refraction of the atmosphere has been known so great, that islands one hundred miles off have

become visible. Another forerunner of these tempests is, that the more distant objects appear close to the observer, but none of these warnings had been observed from the island in the present case.

No traces of the barracks, in which, the evening before, there had been seven hundred men, women, and children, were to be seen. One hundred and eighty men, women, and children had perished in the wreck of the building. The town presented a terrible scene of devastation from the sea, opposite where the *Hyacinth* had so quietly anchored. In one case a hundred negroes had sought refuge in a sugar-boiling house. These are always strongly built, and of the most massy materials. Not long had the poor creatures been in their place of refuge before it was swept away by the blast like chaff, and nearly all perished, or were dreadfully mangled. Those who remained in cane-built houses were unhurt; the light materials flew far and wide, and left their inmates to shift as they could by prostrating themselves on the ground. The houses of the town demolished were those facing the harbour. The missiles from them flew over the other parts of

the town, carrying destruction far and wide. The dwellings back from the sea were dense, and their roofs alone were destroyed. One female had a child blown out of her arms across a street in a window, and was taken up without injury. The number that suffered injury was between five and six thousand. This hurricane was confined to a limit in width of less than twenty miles. It passed across the Gulf of Mexico. Its width was easily traced by its devastations in the forests on the mainland over which it passed. It raged with the most violence between half-past eleven P.M. and one in the morning. At daybreak Nature had returned to her wonted serenity, and looked as beautiful as ever over the fearful desolation caused by the passage of that angel of destruction, which was only known by the sight of its terribly destructive effects. One might have believed it a furious electric current, for the people of the island asserted that strange sounds were heard like salvoes of artillery of the largest calibre, but very peculiar in character. Some said that fire-balls were seen in the air, and that thunder was intermingled; but had the loudest thunder ever heard broke forth

it could not have been distinguished, such were the outbursts and tremendous roarings of the hurricane.

One of the friends of the captain had his stables carried clean away across the country for above a mile, while the horses remained picketed where they had stood, almost petrified by fear. On the whole, it happened that the sea was safer than the land.

As to fear, some of the people of Bridgetown said there was no time for fear. The mind was too anxiously employed in seeking means of safety. Few recollected that they had been in any fear at all. What was singular, too, the state of terror, usually long, seemed here to have been the reverse. None could tell truly, or even guess at, the duration of the hurricane with anything like an approach to the truth. This must have been from apprehension, yet none remembered that they had felt fear. The experience of every class agreed in this remarkable fact.

The indication of the barometer had been so true, that it was not wonderful the captain often spoke of it, and recommended close attention to its indica-

tions at sea as well as on land. This he was justified in doing. Having served the usual term in which, during a time of peace, an officer has a command at sea, I believe about three years, the captain returned to England. He was an invalid, for he had laboured under a slight attack of asthma, caught in the North Sea some years before he went to the West Indies, and his return did not improve his health. In fact, he could not live comfortably in a northern winter, for it augmented the complaint. When the slave-trade was abolished, he was considerably recommended, on the ground of wounds and services, to proceed to Jamaica in the capacity of an agent from England to see the stipulations carried out between master and slave. I took leave of him, not expecting to see him again. He informed me of his office, the particular denomination of which I forget. We once more parted, without the idea of ever more meeting.

I cannot recall the length of the interval—about a year, or a year and a half afterwards; I speak at a hazard in regard to the time—I met him unexpectedly in town, and was greatly surprised.

He told me that he had with reluctance given up his post in Jamaica, for no man of true English feeling could continue in it with the conduct of the whites so inimical to him.

"I have ever been accustomed," he said, "to obey my superiors in the service, and to make myself obeyed by those under my orders, I hope, in general willingly. I received particular instructions from our Government how to act. I was to see justice done between master and slave, and to act without fear or affection in the mode directed. I knew my duty, and practised it. Whenever a case occurred, I acted up to the letter of my instructions, neither more nor less. I soon found that I was committing myself with the white inhabitants by following my duty. If others, for the sake of good companionship and pleasant brotherhood with the whites of the island, chose to evade their line of duty to be in good terms with the white people, I recollected that mine was a public trust, that my instructions were precise, and that, let the consequences be what they might, the duty entrusted to me I would fulfil. Now, had the whites done any-

thing of which I could take open notice, any act by which I could appeal to the Governor in the island, or had any complaint been made against me for doing a wrong, I could, and would have met it openly in some way. This would not do, because it would have been a complaint wholly unfounded, and therefore not feared. I was ruled by the letter of my instructions. I knew that the pride of the whites was wounded, that black men should, even in justice, be treated upon an equality with them. They had received their pecuniary recompense. Did they aid the Government in its efforts to sweep away a great evil? They did no such thing. They were quite ready to consider the partly-emancipated slave as of the same grade still, as far as their line of conduct towards him was concerned. They would not assist to elevate his condition as a freeman—he was in their eyes a slave as before, only one not so exactly their own property.

“When it was seen that I acted up to the letter of my instructions, to see equal justice according to my own judgment, and that nothing made me swerve, and that I did not cultivate the favour of

any, as to duty, but comported myself alike to all, no one assailed me, no one openly disapproved of any step I took, for they could not. Others might give way a little to them for the sake of their being superior to the blacks in station, and strain a point a little for society's sake; I would not do this in a matter of duty. The consequence was, that though they could not turn me to their old colonial views of the absolute right of the whites in many things natural in a time of slavery, and as they could not charge me with any specific act I could not meet, while I did not seek in this respect to assimilate with them and adopt their views, they pursued towards me a course to which, though I wished to do my duty under any common disadvantages, and to make an allowance for the peculiar circumstances of the moment, I could not, as an officer and a gentleman, submit. They, in short, sent me to Coventry. Except forced by business to speak, they passed me by; their annoyance being of a negative kind. To be comfortable in the island at all, I must partake in their views, see with their eyes, and pass over points not in their

favour, when I was commanded, and felt inclined to do otherwise, because it would be unjust, or contrary to the spirit of my instructions.

“ They, from old habits, did not hesitate to attribute my refusal to a niceness the whites had not been accustomed to exhibit. That which had been their habit or feeling, it was unjustifiable in a white official to disregard, even while acting with amenity. The time was a singular one, it was true, but that was nothing to me where duty was concerned. I was, therefore, regarded with an evil eye for the fulfilment of my duty to the letter. I could not be arraigned openly for anything, and so they determined to treat me as one not of their clique. In the island at that time, the whites of the assumed superior order of course, whether parson or planter, merchant, or what-not, ranked pretty much alike in their modes of living. Hospitality among themselves was fully exercised, and here and there might be found worthy men, but the majority ruled, with the old habits. Thus, for performing my duty with strictness, a distance of manner began soon to be observable, and as that did not alter my conduct,

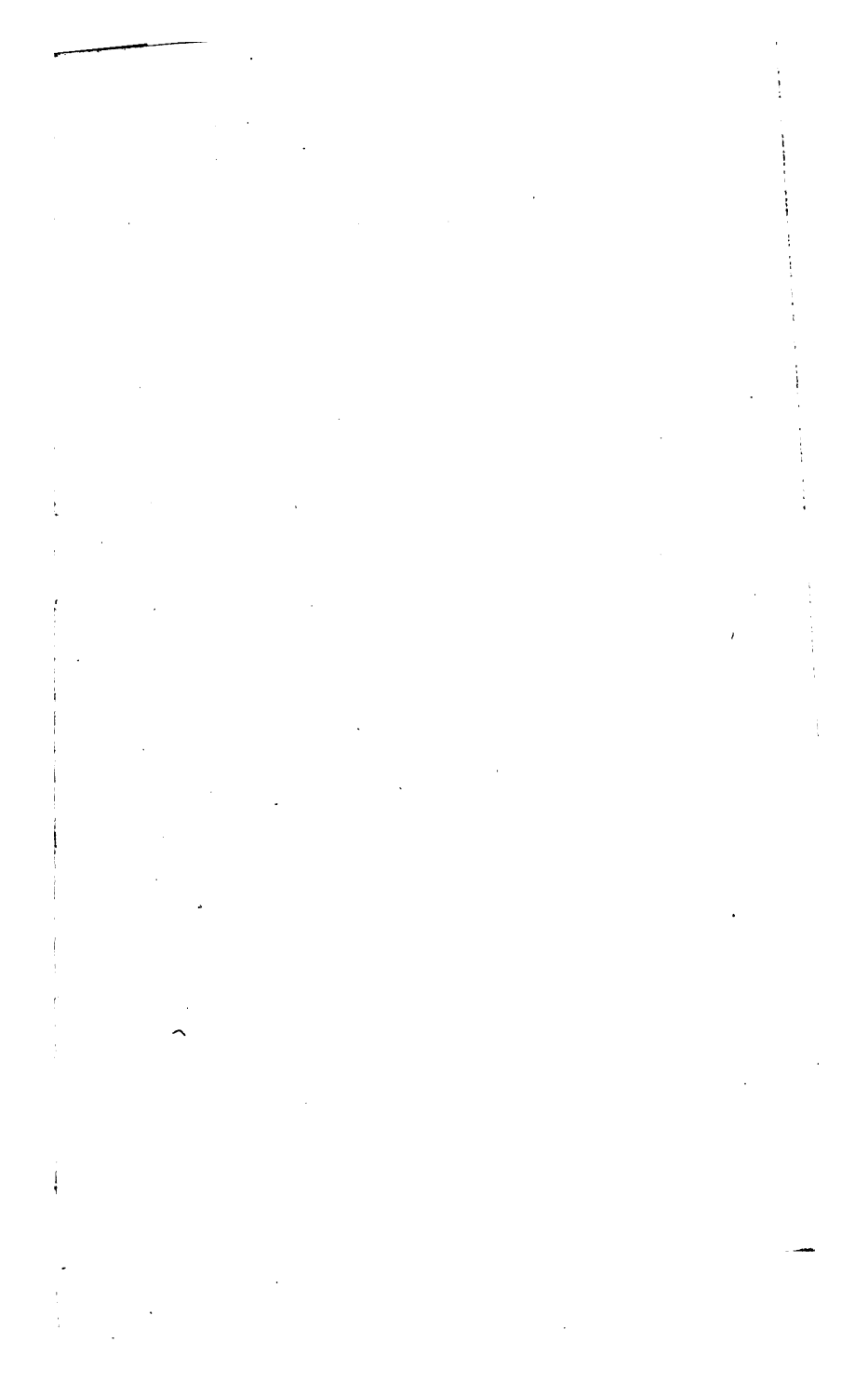
they began by only speaking to me when compelled, and then isolating me. I could not stand it longer than I did, feeling, as an officer and a gentleman, it was impossible, and I resigned my post, though a most important one for my welfare, and thus I have come home. You can have no idea of the manners in that island. There is more work to be done there than people at home dream about."

He was to be commended for his conduct. The state of society in the island at the time was not to be commended. The Government at home was not honestly seconded there. It has always been in hot water, beautiful land as it is. In no great while after, old friends as we were, a final parting took place. He embarked for New South Wales, where the climate suited him, and took up his residence at St Vincents. There he died, gallant, worthy little fellow as he was, broken down by ill health and suffering in his country's service.

THE END.

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